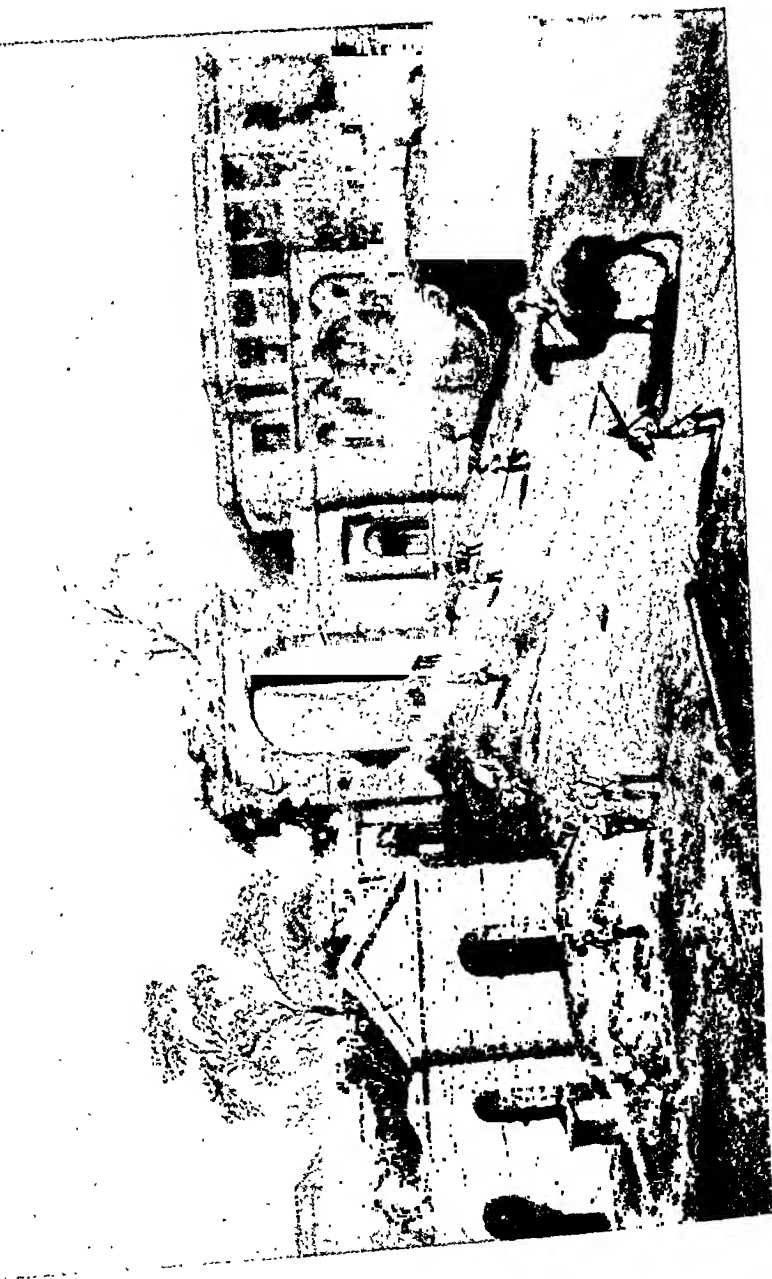


THE CHRONICLE OF
PRIVATE HENRY METCALFE, H.M. 32nd.

By Lieut.-General Tucker :

THE PATTERN OF WAR
WHILE MEMORY SERVES



The Baillic Guard Battery and Hospital
From Lieut. C. H. Mechem's "Sketches and Incidents of the Siege of Lucknow"

THE CHRONICLE OF

Private
Henry Metcalfe .

H.M. 32nd REGIMENT OF FOOT

together with

LIEUTENANT JOHN EDMONDSTONE'S

letter to his Mother of

4th January, 1858

*and other particulars collected and
edited by*

LIEUT.-GENERAL

SIR FRANCIS TUKER

K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E.

with a Foreword by

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM

G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

with two colour and four monochrome plates



CASELL & COMPANY LTD

LONDON

CASELL & CO LTD
37/38 St. Andrew's Hill, Queen Victoria Street
London, E.C.4

and at

210 Queen Street, Melbourne
26/30 Clarence Street, Sydney
P.O. Box 9, Lower Hutt, N.Z.
1068 Broadview Avenue, Toronto 6
122 East 55th Street, New York 22
Avenida 9 de Julho 1138, São Paulo
Galeria Güemes, Escriitorio 518/520 Florida 165, Buenos Aires
Haroon Chambers, South Napier Road, Karachi
15 Graham Road, Ballard Estate, Bombay 1
17 Central Avenue P.O. Dharamtala, Calcutta
P.O. Box 275, Cape Town
P.O. Box 1386, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia
P.O. Box 959, Accra, Gold Coast
Calçada Do Carmo 55-2º, Lisbon
25 rue Henri Barbusse, Paris 5e
Islands Brygge 5, Copenhagen

First published 1953

All rights reserved

Set in 11pt. Scotch Roman type.
Made and printed in Great Britain by
William Clowes and Sons, Limited, London and Beccles
F. 153

DEDICATED TO ALL GOOD
INFANTRYMEN

*Ever the day with its traitorous death
from the loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse
to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge
of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying and
infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound
that would not be heal'd.*

TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow*

FOREWORD

BY

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM

G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

I was once with General Stilwell, the American commander of the Chinese troops then serving under the Fourteenth Army in Burma, when he was asked to write a message for the celebration of "Infantry Day" in the United States. His reaction was, "Why have any special day? *Every* day in war is the infantryman's day!"

This chronicle by a British infantryman in the Indian Mutiny, nearly a hundred years ago, makes this as clear as the diary of a British infantryman in Korea to-day would make it clear. The infantryman needs, now more than ever, the support of other Arms and Services, yet the measure of the value of an Army is still the quality of its infantry. Two great wars and several smaller ones have shown that in our life-time.

That is why this little book is of value beyond a piece of regimental history with a limited appeal. It is a picture, by one of them, of the life of a British infantryman in any war, of the calls on his courage, endurance, humour, kindliness, and faith.

Whether in war or peace they are the qualities that make a people great, and nowhere will you find them in greater degree than among Private Metcalfe's comrades and successors—the British Infantry.

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	
BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM	vii
ABOUT THE MANUSCRIPT	1
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	8
INTRODUCTION	9
THE CHRONICLE OF PRIVATE METCALFE	16
APPENDIX	
THE RECEPTION OF THE "LUCKNOW HEROES" AT DOVER	99
NOTES	108

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	
BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM	vii
ABOUT THE MANUSCRIPT	1
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	8
INTRODUCTION	9
THE CHRONICLE OF PRIVATE METCALFE	16
APPENDIX	
THE RECEPTION OF THE "LUCKNOW HEROES" AT DOVER	99
NOTES	108

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Baillie Guard Battery and Hospital (colour)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A Private of the 32nd Regiment (colour)	<i>facing p.</i> 22
A Contemporary Plan of the Residency	32
A Page from Henry Metcalfe's Chronicle	70
Colour Sergeant, 1859	71
Henry Metcalfe in Retirement	86
The Residency, Lucknow	87

ABOUT THE MANUSCRIPT

Major J. W. C. Kirkland first introduced me to Private Henry Metcalfe's chronicle. I had been considering embarking on a quest for personal documents and records from which to write the story of a British family that had served in India continuously since the late eighteenth century. By chance, Brigadier J. Green, who had been in my Command in India in the terrible summer of 1947, wrote from the Isle of Wight to tell me how much he, as a member of a family that had served India for generations, appreciated a book that I had written about the last two years of the British in India. So I thought fit to start my search at his family.

He directed me to his sister in Somerset, Mrs Kirkland, whom I visited at Hardington Moor to see what papers and records she possessed. At that time there was little more than a couple of letters from clergymen discussing and recommending the virtues of swallowing spiders squashed in jam, "spider jam", as a cure for the "ague", from which Major Theophilus Green was suffering in 1859. The suggestion was made by one of these parsons that, as the ague was Asiatic, the presumption was that only Asiatic spiders would prove efficacious. But I also found, very fortunately in the sequel, that Major Kirkland came of stock many of whose members had distinguished themselves in India. He too, becoming interested in my project, wrote for personal papers to his relations and to friends who

might have documents concerning his family. Among others, he wrote to Lady Armstrong, the stepdaughter of his kinsman, the late Mr Arthur Dashwood.

Captain H. Widnell thereupon entered the affair from Beaulieu by sending to Major Kirkland a typescript that had come into his hands in the late thirties.

Kirkland, thinking that, as the story was of India in the nineteenth century, I might find something of value in it, posted it on.

I read, at first casually then with a quickening interest, the chronicle written by a Private Soldier of the Line, chiefly of his experiences during the Siege of Lucknow in 1857. He came, alive and honourably, through the siege and the cleaning-up operations that followed it and, in 1859, embarked at Calcutta for England after an absence of ten years. The good ship *Pomona* was scourged with cholera and put back to Calcutta, all hands hosing her down from stem to stern. "However, by the time the General Doctor came on board, the ship had a pretty tidy appearance, when he did come on board and saw the arrangements he said we could not . . ." Thus ended the chronicle of Private Henry Metcalfe, H.M. 32nd.

I thought I had come upon a document of great merit, and so I had, but only half a document. How could anyone be satisfied with this tantalizing fragment, when half the author's career remained untold? Two essentials were wanting, a sequel and evidence of the authenticity of the tale and of its accuracy. Without these, Private Metcalfe would be a myth; with them he became an historical figure. To me it was now a matter of honour to round off his chronicle and to prove his good faith. He and his friends became my own comrades; they yet lived.

I wrote to Kirkland and asked if he knew where the rest of the document, and the original, could be found. He sent me to Widnell in Beaulieu, who told me that he had never seen any more of Metcalfe's tale than he had sent us; it had come to him in 1937 from a friend, Lady Armstrong, who lived at Beaulieu, a relative of Mr Arthur Dashwood who had in turn sent it to her. On examination, I found a rough note at the bottom of the last page which indicated that in 1936, Mr Dashwood, "The Lucknow Baby" who was born in the Residency in 1857 during the Siege, had broadcast over the B.B.C. in the "I Was There" series: and that Miss Norah Metcalfe, daughter of Henry Metcalfe, must have listened to the talk and thereupon posted this unfinished story to Mr Dashwood, hoping that he would find something of interest in the story of an ancient comrade.

Widnell had no knowledge of the whereabouts of Miss Metcalfe and, now that Arthur Dashwood was dead, had no means of tracing her.

It was no use following this trail. Somehow, I had to find Miss Norah Metcalfe, but where in the whole of Great Britain? If I did find her, should I get the missing pages of her father's story? I wanted the complete original document to verify my typed fragment and to wind up the tale.

The *Army List* showed that the 32nd Regiment of Foot was now the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, with its Depot close by my home in Cornwall. This was luck indeed. Surely Henry Metcalfe must have drawn a pension through the Depot or be known in the Record Office of the D.C.L.I.? I wrote to the Officer Commanding the Depot. Colonel Pentreath promptly replied on his behalf and said that he would have the pension records searched and try to

trace Miss Norah Metcalfe for me. He set to work with a will and soon reported that Miss Norah Metcalfe, who had been a nurse in the Potteries, had died during the weeks in which I had been hunting for the missing pages. This was bad, exasperating news. It seemed that I was doomed to fail. Colonel Pentreath consoled me by saying that he expected that there was only one more page, the outer and last one, and that it would have been worn or torn off in the passage of time from one hand to another.

He had written to the Public Records Office, to the Depot and Records Office of the Cheshire Regiment, in which county Metcalfe had written that he had served after leaving the 32nd, to the Territorial Association, and to the Chief Constable of Cheshire, who had taken up the search for us.

Soon after, however, he announced that, through Colonel Heath of the 7th Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, the successor of the 5th Cheshire Rifle Volunteers to whom Sergeant Henry Metcalfe had been a Sergeant Instructor, and with the help of the local Inspector of Police, Mr Arthur Metcalfe, Henry's grandson, Miss Norah Metcalfe's nephew, had been found at Macclesfield in Cheshire.

In haste, and fearing that my new find might know nothing of the manuscript, I wrote to Arthur Metcalfe and inquired for the missing pages. He replied in rarely beautiful handwriting that his aunt had recently died but that she had left him her papers and he would examine them for me. He said that his father was Thomas Christopher Metcalfe, the "Christmas box" as he is called by the author, born on Christmas Day 1864. I felt that I could hardly hope that the portion I sought would be found among those papers.

A week later there arrived a thin envelope, too thin it seemed to contain any document of moment. There was a letter in the same graceful hand, but I was too anxious to read it at once. I tore from the envelope a sandwich of cardboard and, opening it, revealed a few sheets of fragile, yellowed notepaper in an even Victorian hand. I ran for my typescript, leaving my porridge to look after itself. To my relief and intense satisfaction, its last words fitted on to the first words of the yellow notepaper. Then I turned to Arthur Metcalfe's letter:

Some years after the 1914-18 War, say, approximately 1935, at a reunion dinner held in Macclesfield for Officers and N.C.Os of the 7th Battalion Cheshire Regt. Territorial Division, a Captain Tadman who had served with them in Palestine was making inquiries if anyone knew of any relatives of the late Instructor Metcalfe of the Drill Hall, Macclesfield, where Mr Tadman was second master at the time, the reason being that he had found the *diary*, during a removal, at the bottom of a trunk. Its backs were torn off, rather a loss because Mr Tadman remembered they were nicely illuminated with relative regimental flags.

A friend of mine was there and he put me in touch with Capt. Tadman who was pleased to give me my Grandfather's diary. In November 1936, my Aunt, Miss Metcalfe of Newcastle, Staffs (now deceased), to whom I had sent the diary, heard a talk on the wireless given by Mr Arthur Dashwood. Mr Dashwood was born during the Siege of Lucknow. My Aunt wrote to him telling of the 'diary' she possessed. This interested him; in return he wrote asking if he could see it, then he in turn suggested that it should go to the D.C.L.I museum, Bodmin, Cornwall.

This was agreed to. The regiment's records office

returned the part of the original diary not concerned with India and provided my Aunt with a bound copy of the original part retained.

So that was how the chronicle became divided into two parts; the one in Cornwall and the other in Cheshire.

By now Private Henry Metcalfe of Lucknow days had become to me a personal friend whose story I was pledged to substantiate.

In the meanwhile Colonel Pentreath had not been idle. Having turned out old regimental archives he arrived at my house with a carload of documents, albums, and photographs that he thought might have a bearing on the history of Metcalfe. Among these was the author's original manuscript taking us up to that tantalizing point on the cholera-stricken ship. A comparison of the two parts now in my possession showed me that I had in my hands the complete original document. There remained for me to find outside confirmation of the story itself. In the history of the D.C.L.I. I found verification of many of the dates and the events described by my friend. Colonel Pentreath produced a copy of an original letter from Lieutenant Edmonstone to his mother written directly after the Siege of Lucknow, which bore out parts of Metcalfe's story. The regimental records told the epic of the valiant Captain M'Cabe, an officer much admired by my author, and an album of cuttings held one item giving Major-General Sir Harry Smith's citation of M'Cabe for gallantry at the battle of Sobraon. This agreed with what Metcalfe had to say.

So far, so good, but I needed just one thing more: corroborative evidence of some personal experience.

By pure chance it came.

Sir Henry Dashwood, Arthur Dashwood's cousin,

had inherited all the latter's papers. I had been in touch with Sir Henry over the Kirkland and Dashwood family records, but he had no inkling that I had stumbled on the Metcalfe story, nor had he ever heard of Henry Metcalfe. Yet he one day sent me *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow, written for the perusal of friends at home*, published by John Murray, 1858. In the flyleaf was the signature of Sir Henry's father, G. L. Dashwood. I glanced through the diary. It seemed to strike a chord and I began to feel that I had something of importance before me, for there were pencil notings here and there, presumably inserted by G. L. Dashwood. I turned back to read the preface, "The writer of the following Journal . . .", then a pencil insertion, "Mrs Harris".

Here was the diary of the wife of the Chaplain to the Lucknow garrison, the Reverend J. P. Harris. Both of these good people were personal friends of Henry Metcalfe and mentioned frequently in his account of the siege. "A soldier of the 32nd, called Metcalfe, has taken charge of dear old Bustle for us. He was so much in the way down there in the Tye Khana, and received such black looks from — and —, we were afraid we should have been obliged to condemn him to death as the most merciful way of getting rid of him, when this delightful man, who is on guard at this house, offered to take charge of him for us till better days should come."

That was precisely what Private Henry Metcalfe had to say of the incident and that was the name of the dog, only my author spelt it "Bussle". It required no more to convince me of the truth of his chronicle.

Mr Arthur Metcalfe gladly gave me permission to publish what I had now come to regard as an important particle of the history of the British in India.

Throughout I have adhered to the author's own words and spelling, and only very occasionally have I altered his punctuation.

Cornwall, 1952

On the 250th Anniversary of the Raising of the
32nd Regiment (Fox's Marines)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My thanks are due to all those whose assistance I have acknowledged in the foregoing account of the provenance of the Metcalfe manuscript and also to Major E. C. Philipson-Stow of the D.C.L.I. and to the Regiment itself for their ready help and for permission to publish the principal documents contained in this book.

INTRODUCTION

The 32nd Regiment of Foot left Ireland for India in 1846. In 1849 it took part in the siege of Mooltan and in the battle of Gujerat under Lord Gough. Private Henry Metcalfe joined his Regiment later that year and in 1851 accompanied it on an expedition to the North-West Frontier, so well known to most of our soldiers. From there he marched through Nowshera into the Swat Valley, where the Regiment was once more engaged. Thence the 32nd marched to Cawnpore, some forty-odd miles from Lucknow, where it left a depot consisting of 85 officers and men, 47 women and 55 children. From there it moved to Lucknow, all unaware of the fate that lay before it.

Owing to the Crimean War and to operations in Persia the British garrison of India had been reduced to forty-five thousand men, while the native army contained some quarter of a million. There have been many reasons put forward for the Mutiny which broke out in 1857, but probably John Jacob was right when, months before the event, he wrote from distant Scinde that the Bengal Army was slack and inefficient and that the sepoys were ridden on altogether too loose a rein. Discipline was patriarchal and bad. In addition, the British officers of the Bengal Army had done no little damage by openly disparaging the military prowess of the British soldiers in India and comparing it unfavourably with that of the native army. This was

INTRODUCTION

reflected in the attitude of the Indian soldiers to their British comrades. Heavily outnumbered, the British soldier showed of what mettle he was, in battle after battle, skirmish on skirmish, throughout the struggle of 1857 and 1858.

For eighty-seven days the 32nd, aided by small detachments of British and native troops, took the whole weight of the hostile onslaught on the Residency at Lucknow under their indomitable colonel, Inglis. A few days before they were besieged there, they had lost a hundred and fifteen killed and thirty-six wounded in the disastrous battle at Chinhut, five miles to the north-east of the town. For a hundred and forty days the defence of the one and a half miles of perimeter was maintained at a cost of five hundred and eighty-eight killed and wounded among Metcalfe's comrades of the 32nd. Throughout, his Regiment led the sorties and raids that held the ascendancy for the hard-pressed garrison. No soldier who has ever visited this place fails to express surprise that the besiegers never managed to break through the determined defence. The surrounding houses are right up against the perimeter, so that the mutineers overlooked the middle of the area and plied artillery and musketry at all who moved. One sector had a palisade which was held by schoolboys from the local Martinière College. The women and children lived and suffered underground in the deep cellars of the old buildings.

Private Metcalfe's Lucknow friend, the Chaplain of the garrison, Mr Harris, writes from Allahabad on January 3rd, 1858, to his sister:

..... Dear Aunt G. says it "was a comfort to you all to know that, although closely beset, we were in an impregnable fort!" . . . We were in no fort at all; we occupied a few houses in a large garden, with

a low wall on one side, and only an earthen parapet on the other, in the middle of a large city, the buildings of which completely commanded us, and swarming with thousands of our deadly foes. . . . The Engineers calculated that all those months never a second elapsed without a shot being thrown at us, and at times upwards of seventy per second, besides round shot and shell. Every house was shattered; every single building seemed to be marked with severe small-pox. . . .

At Cawnpore, the detachment, aided by details of other units, put up a desperate defence against hopeless odds under the gallant Captain Moore of the 32nd. With the promise of a safe conduct from the hostile leader, a local landowner known as the Nana Sahib, they marched out to leave Cawnpore by boat, but were set upon and butchered with every atrocity—men, women, and children.

* * *

It is in this setting that we must place the chronicle of Private Henry Metcalfe of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment of Foot.

The Honourable East India Company pay him ten rupees a month. In cantonments he is not allowed out of barracks before 5 p.m., has to be back by 8.30 p.m. and, at any rate in England, may not smoke in the street. He thinks nothing of marching thirty miles a day in the sweltering Indian summer, clad in his hot, tight uniform, carrying a heavy load on ill-designed equipment, and will fight a battle at the end of the day's march. A little alum thrown into the water drawn from river or well is supposed to protect him from intestinal diseases. His comrades, consequently, die like flies, of cholera. There is no beer, just grog—Bengal rum and toddy to be got at the canteen.

INTRODUCTION

Private Henry Metcalfe's father served in the Army, in the 32nd, the same Regiment as his son. On taking his discharge he joined the police in Ireland and, it is said, was recalled to the Army for the Crimean War. The family originated in the dale country of North-umberland and Cumberland, but had settled in Ireland some generations back. Family tradition says that these Metcalfes had served in the 32nd from the time of the Regiment's formation in 1702; certainly the name of Drummer Thomas Metcalfe is in the Waterloo Roll of the 32nd. It was only right and fitting that the boy, Henry Metcalfe, should follow his father and grandfather to enlist for a soldier in the 32nd Regiment of Foot, now the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Reading this story of his life in the Army, it is quite clear that soldiering was in his blood; he gives no reason for his decision to go as a soldier, for no reason seemed to be needed since the decision was inevitable.

This decision took him to India in 1849 as a boy of fourteen, back to England and Ireland in 1859 on garrison duty, and thence to South Africa. He left the Regular Army in 1872 after twenty-four years with the Colours, subsequently becoming a Sergeant Instructor in the 5th Cheshire Rifle Volunteers and then teaching drill to the boys of the Macclesfield Modern School. He died in 1915 at the age of eighty.

The "Private" of the Army was originally the "Private Gentleman". Henry Metcalfe was in truth a Private Gentleman in the 32nd. He came of an Army family, a sufficient warranty for his quality, inheriting a bouquet as of good wine which one has noticed among the young men of these families, unhampered by any silly complex. He was as self-possessed and sympathetic conversing with a colonel's daughter as among his

comrades with a cup of grog in his hand. The reader will enjoy his observant humour, his occasional sardonic remarks, and will appreciate his constant readiness to help all in trouble.

In the form of notes to Metcalfe's chronicle I have, at the end of the book, included certain outside material in order to introduce some of his associates and to give additional detail or local colour to the events that he relates. The main contribution is a letter from Lieut. John Edmondstone to his mother written soon after the Siege of Lucknow was ended. He also was in the 32nd. Opposite page 22 of this book is a print of a private soldier of the Regiment in 1851, about the time when Henry Metcalfe first joined. The dress is still reminiscent of Peninsular and Waterloo days. Later on is a print of a Colour Sergeant of 1859, about the time when Metcalfe landed with his Regiment in England on return from India. So now we know what our hero would have looked like when he first joined and when he was promoted to Colour Sergeant. The latter dress is perceptibly changing into the Victorian pattern, approximating to the full dress that we older soldiers wore when we first joined the Army and marched to Church Parade on Sundays. At the end of the book is a photograph of him in mufti in his old age. What a grand little man he was!

It has lately become a convention to disparage and to cast not too good-natured jests at all that was Victorian. I wonder what Private Metcalfe would have thought of us. One thing is sure and it is that anyone who reads what he has to tell will soon realize what magnificent men we sent to India in the Victorian age. It must not be thought that the British soldier, with his muzzle-loading "Brown Bess" and spherical lead ball, was any better armed than the man he fought. Some of his

INTRODUCTION

opponents, in fact, had more modern rifles than he had, while equipment and training were alike for both sides, yet see how often the handful of British soldiers, officers and men, outnumbered by fantastic odds, exhausted by marching and fighting in the intense heat of an Indian summer, confidently flung themselves on their enemy and overcame him. They were the spiritual descendants of the men of Clive, Lake, and Gillespie. They were great men.

We must think of them clad in ragged clothes, not scarlet and white but of linen and any other material, including in one case of an officer the baize cloth from off a billiard table in the Residency, the material all dyed in varying colours of khaki made up from red and blue ink from the official inkpots of the Commissioner's office or from the lees of the breakfast coffee-pots.

Often I have sat in the Residency garden at Lucknow, relived those sad and heroic days, and left as the evening shadows slanted from the old, battered buildings with a feeling of reverence for the men and women of our past. What a heritage of achievement is ours. Could we of to-day hold that Residency as those men held it for those long, desperate months in 1857?

"Hold on, and do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand", wrote General Havelock to Colonel Inglis of the 32nd, commanding at the Residency. Would we to-day write as Havelock wrote? Are we now grown content with something less than resistance to the last man and the last round? If so, we concede a great advantage to our enemy and equally deny it to ourselves.

In August 1947 I gave orders for the last Union Jack to be lowered for ever from the tower of the Residency at Lucknow.

INTRODUCTION

Much has been written concerning those tragic days of 1857 and 1858 and much of it about the epic defence of the Lucknow Residency. I make no apology for adding Henry Metcalfe's tale to the others. He was a "cracking little chap" and a pattern for every soldier who bears arms for Her Majesty. I hope this slender volume will find its way into many a private soldier's kitbag, an inspiration when the clouds of battle gather about him.

The Chronicle of Private Metcalfe

ENLISTED for the 32nd Regt. of Foot on the 7th July 1848 at the age of 13 years and 2 months; served at Chatham for 11 months. Embarked for India on the 14th June 1849. Landed at Calcutta on the 3rd November same year, after a stormy voyage, being in a very severe storm off the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th, 16th and 17th August, in which we were what sailors term battened down between hatches without food or drink the whole of that time. We lost on that occasion two of our boats, the bulwarks stove in, our jib boom taken away, also our fore and main top masts, with their running and standing rigging. There was $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water on the Troop deck. Well, after landing we proceeded to a station called Chinsurah, about 30 miles from Calcutta. Caught the jungle fever at that place and was very near being carried off, but was spared for rougher work. Marched from Chinsurah to Allahabad on the 14th January 1850, a distance of 500 miles (not a bad introduction). Halted at Allahabad, and remained in the Fortress for the hot season, and which I thought very hot indeed. Marched from there on the following October for a station in the Punjab,

called Jullundur, and arrived there on the 4th March 1851. That march was about 700 miles.

Remained in Jullundur until the following November, and marched for the North-West Frontier (where I saw the first shot fired in anger). Arrived at Peshawur on the 8th January 1852.

On the 10th March following, the Regt. formed a part of an expeditionary force under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards the celebrated Lord Clyde). Engaged the enemy, which were composed of Afghan and Khybur [Khyber] Tribes. After one or two actions and a few skirmishes in which we were successful, we marched back to quarters again, and in the following June were called out again to a place called the Swatte Valley, and the place was so situated in a valley between the hills, and so hot that I can scarcely describe it. It is hardly credible when I say that the heat registered 115 degrees in the shade. What must it be out of the shade? Indeed, I heard one old soldier say that there was only a very thin sheet of tissue paper between the heat and the heat of the Lower Regions. Be that as it may, it was very hot indeed.

However, between skirmishing and marching, counter-marching etc., and after two pitched battles in which we were victorious, we settled the enemy for a time, and marched back again to quarters.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here to relate a little incident in which the obstinacy and sagacity of the elephant was displayed. We were crossing the Cabul River (a very rapid river). We had two

elephants drawing a heavy siege gun. When we came to the brink of the river the elephants would not budge a peg further, not even when urged forward by the native drivers' spears. When the Commandant of the Artillery found they would not move, he ordered up the master elephant to see what effect that would have on the refractory ones, but not a bit of notice would they take of him. Well, the master elephant had a tremendous thick chain attached to his trunk which he shook in the face of the stubborn ones, but not a move. At last, tired of remonstrating, he belaboured the two elephants with this chain till their roars could be heard miles off. The chain had had the desired effect. Without waiting for a repetition of the chain, they plunged through the river with their load, and we had no trouble with them.

We had hard times during our stay on the Frontier (2 years) and were very glad to leave it, which we did on the 14th January 1854. We expected to be ordered to the Crimea, but were reserved for tougher work in India.

Well, after a very long march we arrived at Kussowlee [Kasauli, near Simla] a station on the Himalaya mountains, on the 4th March '54 (another very long march). Present at the great camp at Umballah [Ambala], under the command of General Cotton and General Fane.

Marched back to Kussowlee, and remained there in ease and comfort until the 9th of October 1856, when we were ordered to march for Lucknow, which was to be our future station, and which proved in

the sequel to be a hot spot for us. However, we marched for it, and on the march cholera broke out, through which we lost 56 of the smartest and best men in the Regt. We also lost three women through cholera. I had a touch of it in marching through Umballah, but I suppose owing to youth and an abstemious constitution, I got over it.

We arrived at Cawnpore in December, and in marching into the station had the felicity of seeing that blood-thirsty scoundrel, the Nana, accompanying General Wheeler, whom he subsequently betrayed and cruelly butchered at the above station.

We left a Depot at Cawnpore, consisting of 3 officers and their families, together with 87 non-com. officers and men, and also about 57 women and about 62 children, which were subsequently ruthlessly butchered by the orders of that fiend in human shape, the Nana. It is scarcely to be believed that he accompanied the Regiment to Church on the Sunday before we left Cawnpore for Lucknow, but it is a positive fact. I saw him myself riding in a beautiful phaeton, drawn by two splendid grey horses.

Well, we start from Cawnpore for Lucknow, which was to be the grave of many a fine man. We had our Christmas dinner (such as it was) at a place called Bonnie Bridge, the scene of one of Brave Havelock's gallant deeds or feats of arms on his famous march to the relief of the beleaguered Garrison. Well, after we breakfasted, my comrade and me took a stroll a little way from camp and

came to a sort of hunting box of the old King of Oude. We walked in and the place was decorated with pictures of native art. Amongst the rest was a rough sketch of the massacre of the British Envoy and suite at Caball [Kabul] in 1840. While we were commenting on this picture in walks a very consequential sort of native. I believe he was in charge of the building. Be that as it may, he told us in very marked terms that as we were going to Lucknow, our stay there would be very short. We asked him what he meant, and he very soon enlightened us on the subject, i.e. that we would be thrashed out of it, as badly as we had thrashed the Sikhs out of Goodgerat [Gujerat], an engagement in which my regiment took part. I thought this was rather strong on his part and was about the first intimation of the great struggle in which we were subsequently engaged in. So I thought I would commence the campaign on my own account and perform on my native friend who was going to help thrash us out of Lucknow. Consequently, I let him have a straight one from the shoulder (natives don't like straight ones from the shoulder). I repeated the dose several times, my comrade remaining neutral all the time. Well, we left Mr. Native not in a very enviable position, but there was very soon a hue and cry in the camp that several soldiers had nearly killed a poor native. The Assemble was sounded, so as to enable this poor native to pick the culprit from the ranks. I may here add that my regiment was very strict as regards the ill treating of natives, so that I thought I had put my foot in it, so to

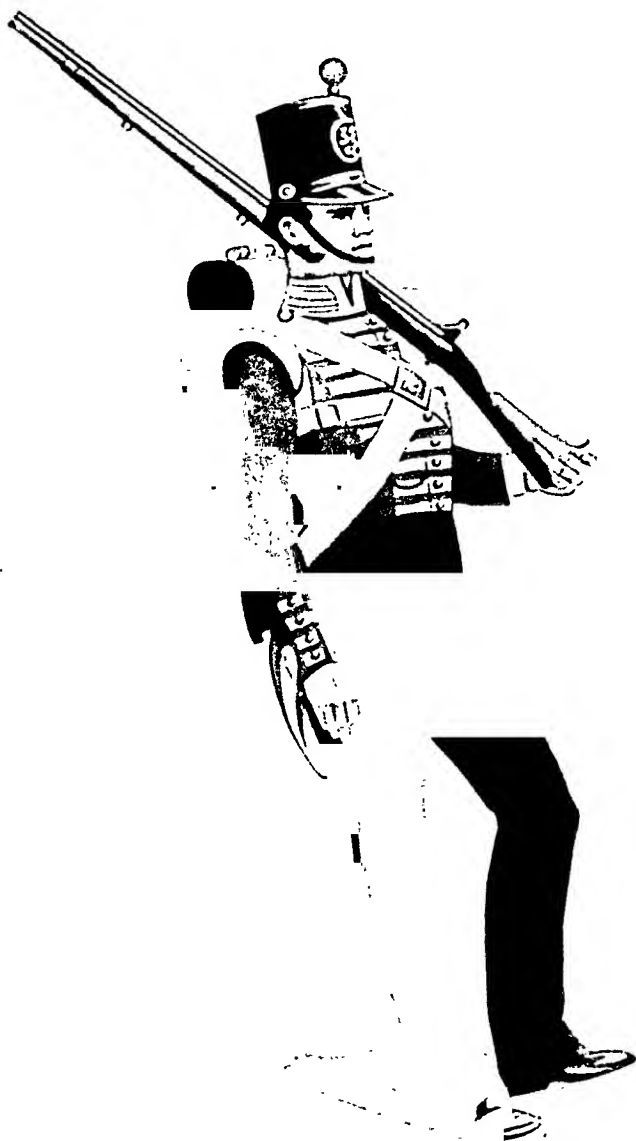
speaking. Well, when I saw all the preparations that were being made, I thought I might as well spare the regiment the trouble of parading, so I went to the Orderly Tent, saw the Commanding Officer and stated the matter to him as it happened. The Commanding Officer asked who was by at the time, and my comrade corroborated my statement. He then asked the native if it was me who struck him, and he answered in the affirmative, and the verdict was—Serve you right. He was sent to the right about, and I was cautioned to be more careful in future, but we had plenty of fighting in a very short time, and thus I think I may fairly say I commenced the Campaign.

We arrived at Lucknow on the 27th December 1856. After being in quarters a short time we were ordered to camp with three regiments of Native Infantry, 1 regiment of Regular Cavalry (native) one regiment of native irregular Cavalry, one Battery of European Artillery, one Battery of Native Artillery (Horse) and a Battery of guns drawn by bullocks. The whole of these native regiments subsequently mutinied on the 30th May '57. The object of this camp was for combined drill.

Well, after the camp was over and about to be broken up, the officers got up horse racing and athletic sports for the troops, European and Native. The races and sports occupied three days, and during those three days that fiend Nana was at the races and sipping coffee etc. with our officers, and all the time was planning the mutiny. After the

races we returned to Cantonments, and on the following April heard of the mutiny at Barrackpore. We were then ordered to be on the alert. Well, in a few days the 7th Oude irregular Infantry mutinied at our Station, and my regiment had the office of disarming them. We dropped on them at midnight and had the Assemble sounded for them. We formed three sides of a square, the Artillery forming the head part of it. The guns were loaded with grape and cannister. Of course, we were loaded with Ball cartridge. When these fellows were ordered to pile arms they refused, but when the Gunners were ordered to prepare and our lads to present, the gallant mutineers altered their tactics and quietly laid down their arms and scattered to their homes, but afterwards they appealed to Sir H. Lawrence to be enrolled again. He, good-natured like, believed them when they promised to be faithful, but after the remainder broke out they did the same and were about the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with, for they knew all the holes and corners of Lucknow.

Next came the massacre of Meerut, and then we were ordered to watch the Sepoy Cantonments, which was very rough and hot work, both day and night at it. The next thing we heard was the mutiny and massacre at Delhi. In fact, almost the whole of the Sepoys in Bengal were in a state of mutiny about this time, and the little Garrison at Cawnpore under General Wheeler was surrounded by the Nana's horde of savages. It was hard to hear that our countrymen, women and children, were only 48



A Private of the 32nd Regiment,
Light Company, 1851

miles from us and we could not go to relieve them, nor could they come to us. Alas, we never saw them more.

Well, on the night of the 30th May these regiments mutinied. There were the 13th, 48th, and 71st Infantry, 2nd Cavalry, and half the Native Battery Artillery. They broke out just as the gun fired for Tattoo. They rushed with the yell of demons, but we were prepared for them. Their rush was intended for the Officers' Mess tent, but they met with a nice reception. Our guns opened on them with grape, and half my regiment fired a volley at them, which made them scamper back again, to their own lines. General Anscombe asked our Colonel to let him have half the light Company of my regiment so that he, the General, might go into the Sepoy lines and pacify these wretches, but the Colonel tried to dissuade him from going near them in their then excited state, but he was not to be dissuaded from his object. The General thought that if he only showed himself among them it was sufficient to quieten them, as he formerly commanded one of the Regiments, and thought his men would do anything he told them. But he reckoned without his host. No sooner than he showed himself than they rushed at him. He then saw his mistake and thought to rectify it, but he was too late. As soon as he turned about to return they fired at him and killed him, so that a General Officer was the first I saw killed in the great Mutiny.

These mutineers began pillaging the Officers Quarters and then setting them on fire, so that in

less than an hour the whole of the Sepoy Cantonments were in a blaze, and woe betide the hapless European who fell into their hands. There was a Captain Grant who belonged to one of the revolted regiments, I forget which. This man was on guard and his men turned on him and butchered him, but before he was killed I heard that he gave a good account of four of the rascals. The next was a young Cornet of the 2nd Light Cavalry. This young lad was lying in his quarters when they rushed in and put an end to him, poor lad. He could not be more than 16 years old. The next was a young lad of my regiment, who was returning from paying his foster-father a visit at a place called Seatapore [Sitapur], about 30 miles from Lucknow. His time was up on the night of the mutiny and he was making for the cantonments when he was met by these scoundrels and butchered most frightfully, so much so that his nearest friend could not tell a single feature. The only way that we could tell was by his inside garments being marked with his name and regiment number. Well, that night, 30th May, we organised a small force and thrashed these fellows out of the Station, and we recaptured two of the field guns that they took with them. We did not follow them very far as we were rather jaded. We returned and remained under arms the remainder of the night. The next morning a portion of the three Sepoy Infantry Regiments came into cantonments with the Colours and Arms. They surrendered themselves and told the Commanding Officer that the remainder were drawn up in battle order on the race

course waiting for us. Well, we did not like to disappoint these gallant black sons of Mars, so we went for them, and sure enough, there they were waiting for us formed into line with their guns in the centre and flanks and their skirmishers thrown forward, but we very soon made them change their position for a fresh one. As soon as we opened fire and made a few gaps in their ranks they took to their scrapers and bolted off to Seatapore, not however, before we took two of their guns and 30 prisoners. The latter were subsequently hanged.

I mentioned a lad who was butchered by these mutineers when returning from his foster-father. Well, when the Seatapore Sepoys heard of the mutiny at Lucknow, they also followed suit and this young lad's foster father was Sergt. Major in one of the regiments. His wife and children were with him at the time and these fiends rushed in and attacked them. The Sergt. Major, when he saw that they were making for his wife and little ones, (the wife was enceint at the time), he laid about him with a vengeance. He killed six of these brutes before he was himself overpowered, and that was not before his only weapon of defence, which was his regulation sword, broke in two. However, he saved his wife and children, for while he was engaged with his opponents his wife and children managed to make their escape to the jungle, not however, before she received a bayonet thrust in the abdomen, which terminated fatally in the residency of Lucknow, where she and her little ones arrived after being wandering about the jungle for

ten days, and when the poor woman heard of her husband being killed she could not be comforted and would not allow anyone to dress her wound. Consequently gangrene set in, and put an end to the poor creature's suffering. She was one of a great many who suffered at the time.

Well, after this we were on watch day and night after these fellows were beat out of Lucknow, for they promised to pay us a visit again at Lucknow, and indeed most faithfully they kept their promise. In the meantime Cholera and smallpox broke out amongst us, so that we were in a pretty fix—and our friends (save the mark) were steadily approaching Lucknow for the sole purpose of putting us all to the sword. Consequently Sir Henry Lawrence (Peace be to his soul, for I believe a better man nor Christian was hard to be found) ordered us to retire on the Residency of Lucknow and a small fortress called Muchee Bhaun. These two places were put in a state of defence by erecting Batteries etc. and our forces were divided between the two positions, which commanded the two bridges over the river Ghoomty. It was my luck to be stationed at the Muchee Bhaun Fort. Well, when we arrived at our different posts on the 29th June, Sir H. Lawrence held a Council of War. He told his subordinates that he had received news to the effect that a force of mutineers were approaching Lucknow and were near to a place called Chinut, on the Fysabad road. Well, the conclusion come to was that we should march out and give them battle, (fatal error as the sequel will show). This force of

rebels were composed of the mutineers of the whole kingdom of Oude. We were given to understand that there were only 5,000 of the enemy, but we found out our mistake when we got [nearer]. However, we marched out to meet them with all the available force at our command (for we had to leave a portion of our force behind at both places to hold them and protect the women and children from the mutineers in the City, so that our force was comparatively small to them). However, our hopes were strong and we thought we could thrash all before us, but we were sadly taken in. Our force consisted of the following:— About 360 men of my regiment (32nd) and the battery of European Artillery. Two heavy guns drawn by elephants (which were upset into a ditch by the native drivers and consequently had to be left behind for these scoundrels of native drivers cut the traces and drove the elephants off to the enemy). We had also half Battery of Native Artillery, and a few Sikh Cavalry. A few gentlemen and volunteer cavalry, and about 300 Sepoys who remained faithful to their salt. This composed the whole of our force to meet, as we thought, about between 4,000 and 5,000 of the enemy, which as I said before we could easily dispose of, and I firmly believe we could if treachery had not been at work. However, when we got to Chinut we found out that the 5,000 was only a myth, comparatively speaking.

When we formed up and commenced the action we had not much time to consider our position, for we were very soon surrounded and the 5,000 turned

out to be nearer 10,000. Well, the Native Artillery got the word Action Front, that was to commence the action. They instead galloped to the front and commenced the action by firing the contents of the four guns into us (this was commencing the action with a vengeance). They then limbered up and galloped to the enemy, which received them with yells of joy. I believe this was a preconceived plan with our foes. Well, with our two heavy guns rendered useless, and the others deserting, we were left in a nice fix, and in less than three quarters of an hour we had 9 officers and 117 sergeants and rank and file and two buglers hors de combat. But why prolong this dreadful mistake. (I can call it nothing else.) Suffice it, we had the order to retire on Lucknow the best way and in the best order we could, and we did retire, not however, before every round of ammunition for the field battery was fired away. The first man that was killed was Colonel Case, as nice an officer and as good as ever drew a sword. He belonged to my regiment and was only after coming back from England where he had been to get married, so that his wife very soon became a widow, as so did a good many more before the struggle was over. Talk about the present wars, why they are only child's play compared to that. Well, I may add that only for the gallantry displayed by the few cavalry (for indeed they performed prodigies of valour) we had [been destroyed]. Indeed, there was one man by the name of Johnson who was a transfer from the 9th Lancers to ours. This man was one of the Volunteer Cavalry. He saw

that one of our guns was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy as all the drivers were killed. He immediately jumped off his horse and jumped on the battery horse which was leading and in the face of the enemy galloped off with the gun to Lucknow, and this prevented the gun from falling into the hands of the enemy. This man was recommended for the Victoria Cross, which he richly deserved, had he lived, but Fate ordained it otherwise for the poor fellow died during the subsequent siege of Cholerah. But as I said, only for the bravery of the few cavalry and the cowardice of the enemy, not a man would have reached Lucknow, for when taking into consideration the tremendous odds against us, together with the excessive heat of the weather, for it was on the 30th June, it may be easily imagined our condition and the fact of the poor fellows not having broke their fast, that everything was against us.

I saw on that retreat some of our finest soldiers drop down with sunstroke, never to rise again. I saw one fine young fellow who was wounded in the leg. He coolly sat down on the road, faced the enemy, and all we could do or say to him would not urge him to try and come with us. He said—"No, you fellows push on, leave me here to blaze away at these fellows. I shan't last long and I would never be able to reach Lucknow." He remained, and was very soon disposed of, poor fellow. Another instance of brotherly love and self sacrifice. A bonny young man, by name, Jones, was being conveyed back on a gun carriage after being wounded. Saw his brother

being struck down with a bullet from the enemy, and without the least warning he jumped off the limber on which he was riding and joined his brother to be killed with him. Another man, maddened by the heat and fatigue, charged in single-handed into the ranks of the enemy and was soon put to rest. Several other instances which I witnessed on that disastrous rout (which I can call it nothing else) I have not space for here, and I fear would only prolong a series of disasters which might have been avoided, but Homme prepose—Dieu dispose.

Well, after great trials we reached the iron-bridge, which luckily for us was in possession of some of our men under the command of an officer from the Residency (Lieut. Edmondstone¹) which were left behind when the expedition started.

They defended the bridge most gallantly, and covered our further retreat to the Residency and Muchee Bhaun. The latter place was where I was stationed, and on our arrival I saw several men drop down with appoplexy and fatigue. Indeed, I am afraid if the enemy were not checked at the Iron Bridge, we would be able to show them a very feeble resistance indeed. As it was, we were not called upon to do so that day. Whether through the resistance they met with at the Bridge or the fact of their being satisfied with their victory at Chinut I cannot say, but suffice it, they did not attack us that day and when Sir H. Lawrence and the heads of Departments compared notes, they came to the conclusion the Fort of Muchee Bhaun, where I was

stationed, had to be abandoned, and retire on the Residency, which we did on the night of the 1st July and blew the Fort up. I happened to be with the last party who left the Fort, as a portion of my Company acted as a covering party to cover the retreat of the others, and so well was the whole affair arranged that the enemy kept pounding away at the old place till long enough after the place was vacated and we safely landed at the Residency, and when the magazine, which contained all the powder, shot and shell etc. was blown up by our men, the enemy thought they had done it by their incessant firing of shot and shell, and they gave such a yell of triumph that you would have thought, with Shakespeare, that Hell had become uninhabited and that all the Demons were transferred to Lucknow. After we got into the Residency, I shall never forget the heartrending scenes. Mothers and relatives, who clung as a last hope that their lost ones might be with the survivors of the Muchee Bhaun party, but poor things, in most cases they were doomed to disappointment. Mothers asking for sons, wives for their husbands, it was heartbreaking, and rest or sleep was out of the question for that night and indeed for many a subsequent night.²

And now I may safely say the Great Siege of Lucknow commenced and history I suppose has faithfully chronicled how it was carried on and how it was ended, with its vicissitudes etc., but a few incidents pertaining thereto and which came under my own observation I hope may not be out of place.

Well, on the morning of the 2nd July my

Plan of the
INTRENCHED POSITION
COVERING THE
LAKHNAO RESIDENCY

Mound
Lines House
Unfinished Battery
Native Houses
Sheep House
Slaughter House
Racket Ct.
Lawn
Hospital
Begun Kothie
D'Fayer's House
Bailey Guard
Financial Gate
Post Office
Judicial Gate
Madras Gate
Barracks
Brigade Mess
Sikh Squares
Horse Square
Om-masree's House
French
Gubbins House
Ganda lines
House of Younger Johnsons
Enemy's Guns
Land Gun
Johanne's House
Natives
ABANDONED RESIDENCY
LOW GROUNDS
Water Gate
Mosque
Debris of Houses
Lines Battery
Caplan
Battery Guard
Money Laundering
Gateways

REFERENCES

Line of defences shown by a thick line — Oblique

Guns

Mortars

SCALE OF 400 FEET = 1 INCH

A Contemporary Plan of the Residency during the Siege

Company were posted at a place called Dr. Fayrah's Bugalere [Dr. Fayrer's Bungalow where Sir Henry Lawrence died], and that post was to be the headquarters of the Company while the Siege lasted, but occasionally we sent parties to form outposts to more exposed places, and indeed, these posts in too many cases proved forlorn hopes to many a fine young fellow. However, we had to take our chances and trust to God and our weapons, which we had a good supply of the latter. On the morning of the 2nd July our position was attacked from all quarters and indeed very determinedly, but we repelled all their efforts on that day, and you may depend we were very glad when they took it into their head to retire within their position for that day at all events.

And now about Sir H. Lawrence. On that day, while sitting with his Staff in his room in the Residency, a shell was fired into his room but without doing any damage, except the hole it made in the wall. His Staff urged him to leave his present quarters for fear of any harm occurring to him, but he treated the circumstance very lightly, saying, they will never fire another shell into the same place, but on the next day a shell came into the exact place and exploded, and a splinter of said shell hit Sir Henry in the groin and terminated his earthly career, which was not only a noble but a Christianlike and useful one, and the country lost not only a brave but a valuable servant, and the Garrison lost its right arm, indeed, only for the foresight of Sir Henry, I am almost sure we would never

be able to hold our position as long as we did, for by his judgment and tact he could see what was coming, and he set about provisioning the place from all sources, and well it was that he did so, and his loss cast a gloom on the whole Garrison. He, when he found his end was near, sent for Colonel Englis [Inglis] of my Regiment and Major Banks—handed over the entire Command to Colonel Englis and the Commissionership (which he held himself) to Major Banks. The latter was killed during the Siege and the former survived the Siege and was promoted to Major-General and K.C.B. all in the space of five months. Quick promotion you will say, but it was nothing extraordinary in those days. Well, the last words he uttered were—"Dear Inglis, ask the poor fellows who I exposed at Chinut to forgive me. Bid them remember Cawnpore and never surrender. God Bless you all." And thus ended the life of a gallant soldier and a true Christian. He is in Heaven.

By this time and by some means the Authorities heard of the dreadful massacre of Cawnpore and all the Garrison of Lucknow proved how well they kept their promise never, with their lives, let the women and children in their charge fall into the hands of the enemy. How they kept that promise the world knows.

And now to mention a few incidents which occurred during the Siege. One morning in the early part of the Siege, I was sitting in the verandah of the house where we were stationed. A gentleman came out of the house and held a beautiful white

terrier dog by a chain. He asked one of our men if he would shoot the dog as he had not the wherewithal to feed the dog as he was only a lodger in the Doctor's house, and he had not time to bring anything with him into the Residency and had to live on the bounty of strangers. Well, this man (I mean the soldier) said he would shoot the dog as he wanted to empty his piece for the purpose of cleaning it, and he would have done it had I not interposed and asked the gentleman if he would let me have the dog to keep, and he said I would not be able to keep him as my allowance was too little for myself. I replied it did not matter, I would share my little allowance with the dog if he would let me have it. He consented, and the dog's life was spared, and a valuable one it proved to me, which I will explain as I go along. The gentleman who owned the dog proved to be the Church of England Chaplain, the Rev. P. Harris, whose good works during the Siege was highly spoken of and mentioned in Sir John Englis despatch of the Siege of Lucknow. Well, I kept the dog and shared with him my scanty allowance of food which he, the poor dog, seemed to appreciate. Well, after a few days the gentleman called me to him and told me the history of the dog. He said that when he was stationed on the Frontier, himself and his good lady were in the habit of attending the sick soldiers and were very kind to them, and one man in particular of the 75th Regiment. Well, this man did not know how to properly shew his appreciation of their kindness, but asked the lady if she would accept of a little

white terrier puppy and be kind to it. She took the puppy and promised the dying soldier that she would not part with it except through sheer necessity. The soldier died and the lady kept the dog to that day, and that was the dog that I became possessed of. "And now," said Mr Harris, "if you and Mrs Harris and myself survive the Siege, will you promise to give the dog to Mrs Harris again," and I promised that I would, and I kept my promise.³

And now to show what soldiers generally think of worldly matters in war time, and your humble servant in particular, Mr Harris on this occasion said he would never forget me, and I believe he has not, and said anything that he could do for me he would, and I am certain he would keep his word too if I troubled him. He asked me then if there was anything he could do for me. I considered for a while and came to the conclusion that I wanted a pipe, as the only one I had was taken from me by somebody who thought he had a better right to it than me. Consequently I considered he would be conferring a great favour on me by getting me one. Accordingly I asked him for a pipe. He stared at me, and everything considered, well he might, for when he was considering how he could forward my worldly prospects, I only thought of the worldly pipe. Well, he said, "Metcalf, you have almost stunned me, for I was thinking of something else, but I must see if I can get you one. I don't smoke myself or I might have no difficulty in getting you one." However, he went into the house and told his

tale about me and the pipe, which caused a general laugh. He could not obtain the pipe however, but instead he presented me with a box of beautiful cigars. After this, the dog accompanied me wherever I went, both day and night, and indeed, it was a good job on some occasions, for when on sentry at night and when the least sign of drowsiness came over me, the dog was sure to notice it and catch my trousers between his teeth and shake me to keep me awake, for it was very hard indeed to keep from getting drowsy considering being belted and under arms day and night, and never had our boots from off our feet for five months. But more about the dog anon.

The Siege continued without intermission. Constant firing and alarms both day and night, till the 20th July when we had an intimation that the enemy were about to attack us from all quarters, and the Brigadier went round all the posts to see that everyone was on the alert. The Officer commanding my Company was having his breakfast at the Officers' Mess and I was ordered to go and apprise him of the Brigadier going round. I did so and as I was coming back who should I meet but the Brigadier and Staff. Of course, he must ask me what I meant by being absent from my post when there was an attack expected. I told him the reason, which turned his wrath from me to my Captain, and as the Brigadier passed me I thought I would wait and see the upshot of the meeting between him and the Captain, so I stepped behind a clump of bamboos and had not long to wait, for

on the Captain coming from the Mess, the Brigadier met him and the language between the two was very hot indeed. However, about 10.0 o'clock the game commenced, and a stiff game it was.

The enemy opened the Ball, by blowing a mine which was laid for the Redan Battery, so called after the Great Redan in Sebastopol, but of course, nothing to be compared to the latter. However, they miscalculated the distance and a good job for us, for their intention, to use a nautical phrase, was to board us in the smoke. Well, on they came like so many demons in human forms—all round the position with their bands playing all our National airs, their bugles sounding, flags flying, etc. Scores of times they advanced to the charge and of course, on each occasion were beat back. They kept this game up all day till we were nearly fagged out, and indeed we thought they would force us, but God ordained it otherwise. About 5.0 p.m. they gave up the job.⁴ Now the position of the Residency was almost divided by a road from the Baily Gate, and on this road we placed a Battery of 4 light field pieces, so that if the gate was forced we could play on the party who would force it. If this gate was blown down or burnt, the communication between the positions would be partly cut off, for they had a battery immediately in front of this gate, and the fire from it would completely sweep the road that divided the position. However, this did not occur, but they tried to burn the gate, and indeed almost succeeded, for the gate took fire and there was volunteers asked for to extinguish the fire. I was

one who volunteered for this job, which was rather tough whilst it lasted. They kept up such smart fire of musketry while we were engaged in putting out the fire. We succeeded with only two men slightly wounded. Well, after this to prevent a repetition of the fire we had another loophole cut in the side of the wall so that we could see if there was anyone approaching from an opposite direction.

Well, on the 10th August about 5.0 p.m. I was sitting on the verandah conversing with a young lady, the name of Alford, whose father was Colonel of one of the regiments which mutinied. She told me she was only just after coming out from England after finishing her education, when the mutiny broke out. Rather a fiery reception for her, you would say, but such was the case. However, she said to me she believed the enemy would force their way in in the long run. Yes, she went as far as to say that they would attack us that night. The Baily Gate would be the place to be attacked. Whether she had a presentiment or not I dont know. I told her that if they made the attempt it must be done while I was on sentry at the new post, for after my time the moon would be risen and the attempt would not be made. Well, I went on sentry accompanied by my dog. I sat down on an empty case with my firelock between my knees, thinking over the conversation of the afternoon. Just now the dog gave me the usual signal by biting my trousers. I looked through the loophole and sure enough, there was two of my sable friends. One had a bundle of tarred wood on his head, the other was

after planting a bundle against the gate. I got my piece through the loophole and took deliberate aim at one of my friends. I could not fire at the two at once. They were not in a position. However, I knocked one over, and the other did not remain to be accomodated with a like dose. However, the gate was saved and remained so till the relief, and I may say that the dog was partly instrumental in saving it.

Next day there was a very severe attack, which lasted a considerable time. In one or two places they effected breaches and were just on the point of storming the breaches when they were routed by hand grenades. Some got under the walls and placed the ladders against the walls with the object of scaling, but their hearts failed them. Then they were afraid to run back for fear of being killed on the road, thus remaining to be treated with hand grenades, which medicine did not agree very well with them. We beat them off on that occasion, and had a short respite for a few days. During this time Havelock was making rapid strides towards our relief, but owing to sickness and paucity of numbers was forced to retire and await further reinforcements. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" was truly applicable to us. However, on we kept, hammer and tongs, day and night. One time chilled with heavy rain, another scorched with the sun. In the meantime, sickness and bullets were making sad inroads in our numbers, and things began to take on a very gloomy aspect, especially when we found out that Havelock was obliged to retire. They were continually mining and our people

counter-mining, and indeed, our people and the enemy miners on more than one occasion met and had hand to hand conflicts, in which our people were victorious, and destroyed their mines.⁵

I am now about to mention a few miraculous escapes. This is one instance. One evening a comrade of mine came to see me, and asked me if I could obtain a tot of rum. Well, I did not care for my rum on that occasion, and I knew if I wanted it I could get it from my friend Mr Harris, so I let him have my tot of rum. He put it in a small bottle, and said this will do nicely, for when I am going on sentry. He left me in a little while for it was a hazard to be absent from your post for any length of time. Well, about 10.0 o'clock at night I was on sentry on a heavy siege gun. It was a beautiful night, as calm as possible, and very little firing for a wonder. Just now I saw a shell being thrown from the enemy's position and going in the direction of the tot of rum. I remarked at the time that the shell was going in the direction of Jem, meaning the rum chap—and sure enough it did. It landed at the exact spot, exploded and pitched the rum chap into the trench. Smashed the little bottle which contained it, and which was under his head, for he was lying down at the time, also tore the pillow which was under his head into fragments; wounded Major Low and one or two others, and strange to say, never hurt the individual who it pitched into the trench, except stunning him for the time being, and when he came to himself his first enquiry was "Is my dram of grog all right?" and one of the officers

who heard this, laughed, and said, "I'm afraid not, my man, but never mind, I will give you one since that's all you care about." You will wonder perhaps about me seeing the flight of a shell, but it was quite easy for a spherical shell fired from a mortar does not attain the same velocity as the elongated shell of the present day, and besides, the fuse which is attached to the shell to explode on its arrival at its destination emits sparks all the way in its flight, so that you may easily trace its direction. I felt rather uneasy on account of my friend's safety, so I paid him a visit the following morning when the above tale was told to me, he remarking at the time that he would never be killed after that. It would just as well if he had been for the poor fellow was reserved for a more painful and lingering death. That night as he was on sentry close to the same spot, he was hit, with a round shot which completely shattered his leg. Of course, the leg had to be amputated above where it was hit so as to come at the sinews, and there being no chloroform, the poor fellow could not bear up against his sufferings and expired in great agony.

Another narrow escape from a shell. This to myself. I was one day at an outpost accompanied by the dog as usual, and also a Sergeant by the name of Varney. We were looking from loopholes and taking an occasional pot shot at some fellows who were employed in cutting at trenches at some distance from our position. Sometimes we could only see their spades when they threw up the earth. I was just after returning my rifle from the loophole but

never shifted my position, when in came a shell, right through the loophole and struck the wall in rear of me and exploded, knocking bricks and mortar about the place. You may be sure I was startled and the dog barking like mad. At last he found me covered all over with bricks and mortar. I looked more like a miller than a soldier. The officer shouted, "Is there anyone hurt?" and the Sergeant shouted, "Yes, I think young Metcalfe is killed," for he thought it was impossible to escape. However, I shouted that I was all right, and when I presented myself I looked such a picture that I was jolly well laughed at. I thought this was rather queer sympathy, but my faithful quadruped showed me plenty as far as licking and pawing went. How I escaped on that occasion I cannot tell. I only had a few scratches from fragments of broken bricks. I suppose the Almighty thought proper to spare me for more hardships.

I will mention an instance of the foolhardiness of some soldiers, and I may say flying in the face of God. We were one day resting after a very heavy night engaged in burying dead battery horses, for fear of sickness arising from the stench caused by them. Well, we were resting, when the cry of "Turn out" made us all start, sick, lame and lazy just as we were, and none too soon, for they were making for the Battery. We had two guns in this battery and one of these was very soon disabled. The other they got off the platform, and we had hard work to get it right again. We had only one Artillery man with us for I may say that the greater part of our

Artillery men were either killed or wounded, so that we had to learn to fire and load the guns ourselves, so that we sometimes found ourselves in the double capacity of Artillery and Infantry. Well, on this occasion we had only this one man of the Artillery. His name was Barry, which bespeaks his nationality. The bullets were whizzing both thick and fast and the men were ducking from them, although when the whizz of a bullet is passed that bullet has passed also, but indeed, he must be a very self-possessed man who will not duck his head occasionally. However, this old Artillery man rebuked the lads for ducking so to musket shots. He said you should never duck to anything under a 9 pound shot. While he was going on at this rate a fine young Grenadier was shot through the head with a musket ball. This hardened old gunner made remark—"Ha, that fellow has ducked to musket ball at all events," and he said, if ever I am to be killed in action, I hope it will be from a cannon ball and right in the head, so that my death may be soon and sudden. And indeed his wish was complied with, perhaps sooner than he anticipated, for the next day and at the same hour and the same place, he was accomodated with a round shot right in the head. I need not say his death was soon and sudden.

One more instance and then I will stop and I may say what soldiers are callous to danger and good natured and generous when out of it, perhaps sometimes to a fault. We had a man by the name of Tomlinson who, when he had his allowance of grog no one

could stop his tongue from wagging. So much so that he got the soubriquet of "Chatter-box". Well, one day after he had his allowance he must have a look over the parapet to see how his friends the rebels were getting on, and to shew your head was the signal to get a bullet through it. Well, this poor individual shewed himself and of course received the usual pill in the head, which of course put an end to his career. Upon this his comrade remarked, "It serves you jolly well right, you confounded ass. I often told you you would be served like that before you were done and my words have come true." After considering a while and contemplating the corpse of his comrade he burst out crying and said, "Well, I am sorry poor Jack. You were as good a comrade as ever a soldier had," and it was hard to see this generous hearted soldier shed tears. But so it was, from recklessness to tears and from tears back to recklessness again, and so on.

One more. I cannot resist it, and I hope you who read these lines will not take exception to it. It happened in this way. My friend, the Rev Mr Harris, was in the habit of having Divine Service in the house in which he stayed every Sunday. Indeed, this was about the only way in which we could tell the day of the week, for every day was such a sameness that they all appeared alike to us. Well, on this day Mr Harris came to us and said, "Well now, boys, I am about to have a little Divine Service, and any of you who wish to join me you will be very welcome to come and attend, and those who dont care to come, I hope you will

keep quiet and not disturb us." Well, we all went, with one or two exceptions. Now, I may state here that the rebels practised all sorts of schemes to alarm the Garrison, and amongst them they had recourse to the following. They would dig a hole in the ground with an angle of say 45 degrees. Place some loose gunpowder, then place a great round stone or a great lump of wood on top of this powder, and the angle in which this hole was cut gave this missile whatever it might be, wood or stone, a certain amount of elevation, so that if there was sufficient powder placed in the hole, when ignited it was sure to land in some part of our position, and it would come on with a tremendous whirr and noise that would almost set a person crazy. Well, when Mr Harris was in the midst of his service with his thoughts bent, not on the rebels, but on something more worthy of his calling, one of these interesting bombs, i.e. a large block of wood, came whizzing through the air. Just then in rushed a young fellow who had been watching the arrival of this thing. In he rushed into the room where the good Chaplain was engaged in prayer, and without the least warning shouted out, "H-y Japers—Boys, the devils are firing cook houses at us." You can imagine the commotion this caused. The man never gave the Parson, or what he was engaged in, a thought, but when he realised his position you can imagine his feelings.

About this time another gloom was cast on the Garrison by the sad end of a gallant young officer by the name of Birch. This young officer was a

and for a long time could not be comforted, and he could never be persuaded to accept of promotion. As for the Corporal whose duty it was to acquaint the sentry of the officer being out, I believe he lost his stripe and met with a sad death years after at the Cape of Good Hope. This family of Birches were very unfortunate. The father killed, the brother killed, and one of the sisters killed with a fragment of an exploded shell when attending on the sick and wounded in the Hospital. The younger brother, who was then a young Cadet, rose to the rank of Major afterwards, and I read was killed when gallantly leading his regiment at the storming of the Fort of Alimessgid [Ali Masjid] in the Khyber Pass during the last Afghan War. I know the place where he fell very well.

And now a little anecdote in connection with an officer of my regiment by the name of McCabe. This was one of the most indefatigable officers in the Garrison and one in whom the Brigadier placed great confidence, and indeed which was well deserved. This officer was an Irishman and who was promoted from Sergeant to a commission for bravery displayed at a former campaign.⁷

Well, this officer was continually bobbing about, as the soldiers termed it, and one night he went outside a certain post and it so happened that an Irishman was on sentry on this particular post, and for fear of another mishap he was made acquainted with the officer being out and likely to pay this man a visit. Well, this soldier was rather hot-tempered, but a good soldier. Nevertheless, the officer was a little

hasty also. Well, in came the officer right enough without being challenged, and the spirit of discipline being uppermost, he held forth in the following manner. Officer:—"Are you the sentry?" Sentry answered, "I am, Sir." Officer—"And why the d... didn't you challenge me?" Sentry—"Because I knew it was you Sir, and that you would be coming this way." Officer, very severely, "You should have fired, sir. You are not supposed to know anyone outside of your post, especially at night, sir." Sentry—"Then by J.... Ct... the next time you will come the same way at night I will accomodate you. I will shoot you right enough." The officer took no further notice, and did not trouble the same sentry again.

Another about this officer. I was stationed at an outpost called Segoes Bungalow [Sago's House] and was very near the enemy's position, so much so indeed that we could hear them giving and receiving orders. One day there was a severe attack commenced by the enemy blowing up a mine. Two of our men were blown into the road and in the smoke they escaped into the position again. Well, on these fellows came very determinedly, and we had very hard work to keep them out, so much so that I was despatched to this officer for help. I went. The officer said—"Well Metcalfe, whats the matter at Segoes?" meaning the post. I said, "We are attacked and I am afraid greatly outnumbered, and am sent to you for help." "Well Metcalfe, I can't afford you any help from my post. We are as bad off as yourselves. Go back and tell your officer that

he must keep the post at every risk," at the same time asking me who the officer was and, when I told him, said, "Well, I think I will go with you myself," and indeed that was something for he was really a host in himself and the men thought so much of him that they thought he was as good as twenty men. However, back we ran as fast as we could. In the meantime our poor fellows were very hard pressed, and on our way he encountered one of the half caste young men on his knees praying away for himself. As soon as the officer saw this, and knowing that the fellow should be helping our men, he gave the poor fellow a cuff in the ear and knocked him off his knees, and said, "What do you mean, you d . . d swab. Now is no time for praying when the position is nearly in the hands of the rebels." We did not wait to see how the poor fellow took it, but scampered on and only just arrived in time. Well, the gallant McCabe was equal to the occasion. He had recourse to a ruse which succeeded admirably. We made such a hubub in running to the help of our comrades, the officer shouting as if he had a whole regiment with him. He shouted No. 1 will advance, No. 2 support, No. 3 reserve, Charge, as loud as he could, which had the desired effect. I need not say that the enemy waited for the sham charge, but at night we had to be reinforced, for if the enemy found out the ruse, which most surely they would, I am afraid we would have hard work to withstand their attack. However, they did not trouble us afterwards.

And about McCabe, had he lived he would have

been made a Bt. Lieut. Col., but it was not to be. Poor fellow. He was mortally wounded leading his fourth sortie. I was with him on the occasion. I believe that when the Commander-in-Chief heard about him he asked as a favour that he might be allowed to retain his regulation sword as a souvenir of his bravery, for he said there did not exist a braver soldier. The Commander-in-Chief also recommended that this officer's mother might receive a pension, as this, her son, was the sole means of support, so that being a brave soldier and good officer, he was also a good and dutiful son. His mother got the annuity and if alive is drawing it now, and may she continue to do so.

Well now, Havelock and his brave band are approaching. We hear their firing at Allenbaugh [Alam Bagh], or Allen's garden. We are ordered to be on the alert. All day we are at it, hammer and tongs. This is on the 25th September in the afternoon. Their attacks become more vigorous, the distant cannonading becomes more distinct. The attacks become less frequent. At last we hear the shouts. The most beautiful of sights, we see the head of a column, and at the head rides the bravest of the brave, gallant Havelock, and by his side his gallant and generous comrade Outram. Oh, what welcome, what joy. Comrades shaking hands, rough soldiers embracing and kissing little ones. Women asking for absent friends etc., but why prolong. Suffice it we are saved, and under God, Havelock was the means, his rapid advance and his glorious entry into Lucknow on the 25th. Had it not been

for this, I say that not a man, woman or child of the famous Lucknow Garrison would be alive on the 27th to tell the tale, for the place was thoroughly undermined, the trains laid and everything ready to blow us into the air. This was ascertained after Havelock had been in the Residency a few days, and then and not till then the sad tale of the Cawnpore massacre was verified, and the news caused a sort of reaction, so to speak, in the Garrison, for there were a great many who had relatives in Cawnpore.

There was one young lad in the Band named Symes. His mother, stepfather, sister and brother were butchered at Cawnpore. I was by when he heard the news. I thought the poor young fellow's heart broke on the spot. However, he made a sort of vow that when he had a chance he would neither spare man, woman or child on account of his family being slain. However, on the morning after Havelock's force came in there were volunteers asked for, to go and clear the position of any of the enemy who were thought to be still in position around us. Well this young lad happened to be of the party, as also myself. After we had been out some time I missed this young fellow. I asked if anyone knew what became of him. One man told me he had seen him rush into a house close by, pointing to the house. I thought, strange, that the young lad did not come out of the house again, so I made a rush towards the house and I heard a scuffle going on. I rushed in and saw the lad in a very awkward position. A huge Sepoy had a hold of the lad's musket and was in the act of cutting at him with

his Fulwar, 'or native sword. I just arrived in time to save him. He said to me, "Oh, Harry, I am a brute." I said, "How is that Jack?" He said, "Oh, I said when I came out I would spare no one, and I fired at a young woman and I am afraid I killed her, and by so doing I have placed myself on a par with the rebels by me killing her. I will not get my own relatives restored to me and consequently I am not fit to be called a soldier or a Christian." I rallied him on it and said perhaps he had not killed her, but it was no use. I asked him to point out the spot where this took place. He did so, and on going towards the spot we saw some of our men stooping over someone who was laying down. When we got to the spot we found it to be the young woman who the young lad had fired at. She was slightly wounded and had fainted, and in this position our men had found her, and seeing her seemingly all right this young lad almost jumped for joy at the thought of him not killing her. A few men brought this poor young native woman into the Garrison and had her wound dressed, and she was then sent about her business, a striking contrast to the way our poor women and children were treated, but then we were soldiers—they were fiends.

Well, this young lad rallied a little and seemed a little more settled, and on our advance we saw a mosque, or native temple, from which temple the rebels had used to keep up an incessant fire on our position. The officer said, "Now lads, we must take this sammyhouse at a rush." He placed himself in front, waved his sword. That was enough. The

thing was done before we knew where we were, and in overhauling the place we found a quantity of loose powder which I suppose they were about to destroy when we suddenly burst upon them and made them change their plans. We asked the officer to let us destroy it, but he would not allow it without superior authority. Well, this young lad came into the place and without noticing the powder, or perhaps not caring, threw himself down to rest as he felt rather jaded and out of sorts. In the meantime the officer had planted a sentinel at one of the windows to look out, and on the sentry seeing a Sepoy running past let fly at him. Well, a portion of the lighted paper was blown into the place where the powder was strewed and where the lad Symes was lying, and the consequence was an immediate explosion. The powder blew up and with it the poor lad, and a frightful spectacle he presented. He was taken in and placed in the hospital, where I remained with him till he died in great agony that night.

I forgot to say that he had two sisters in the Garrison, both very respectable young women, and married, one to a Colour Sergeant, and the other to the Drum Major. About 10.0 p.m. the two sisters came to see him. He was then, poor fellow, very low indeed, and the poor sisters, whose husbands were out in the City with a Sortee party, and they did not know whether they were dead or alive. I say that seeing these dear sisters talking about their loss at Cawnpore and their dying brother (the last prop of their family), why, it was simply heart rending, so much so that I had to beg of them to

leave us and not to embitter the poor lad's last moments. They left, poor things, on my promising to let them know when he was on the point of death. Well, they left and they had scarcely gone when the poor lad breathed his last. I went to fetch the sisters, and when we got back there was no signs of the remains to be found anywhere. We searched high and low, but no trace could we find. We enquired of the Doctors. They could not tell us anything, only they supposed he was taken away to be buried. Well, we started for the graveyard, and it was a beautiful moonlight night, so clear that you could see to pick a pin up, as the saying is, for in India the moon shines with far more brilliancy than at home here in England. The reason that I mention this was that, strange to say, during our tour round the graveyard not a single shot was fired at us, and at other times you could scarcely shew your nose there without having dozens of shots fired at you, so much so indeed that the dead were generally buried under cover of darkness, and you may be sure without much military pomp or ceremony. A few hasty prayers, a few shovels full of earth, and all was done. Well, we could not find what we sought for and so had to retrace our steps to the Hospital, for the sisters would not relinquish the hope of having a last farewell look on the remains of their dear brother. At last we found where the remains were deposited. We ran rather than walked and arrived just in time to see two native attendants sewing the remains up in his guthery, or native rug. The sisters wanted to have one more

look and natives would not let them because it involved the re-opening of their work and going over the whole thing again. They offered money, but no, they were resolute. At last the sisters appealed to me. I could not withstand the appeal. I asked the natives to let them look. They refused. I then showed them a horse pistol I had with me and said I would blow their brains out if they did not comply. This had the desired effect. They let them look, and I was very sorry after that I got them the privilege, for the scene that ensued I won't attempt to describe. However, I had almost to drag them away, almost more dead than alive, and thus ended this little affair.

Well after Havelock came in, of course he thought he would have nothing to do but withdraw the whole of the force from Lucknow and march back on Cawnpore, but he reckoned without his host. On this account he left all his stores and provisions at Allen Baugh [Alam Bagh] and when he came into us instead of being able to go out he and his force were forced to remain, until finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell, and consequently reduced our small stock of provisions to one half.⁸ Well, you know self-preservation is the first law of nature, and so it was with your humble servant and his faithful dog, who you have no doubt lost sight of for some time, and in whom you will be a little interested. You know our very small allowance of food and that small allowance being rendered beautifully less by having more mouths to consume it. You may be sure there would be but a very small

amount come to the faithful dog's share, so that I thought, and very reluctantly indeed, the best way out of the difficulty would be to give him back to Mr Harris. So I accordingly brought him the dog and told him that I thought I had fulfilled my part of the compact on account of the dog. I said I thought we had survived the siege and that I had much pleasure in returning the dog to Mrs Harris safe and sound. I did not like to tell him the real cause, but I believe he guessed it. He took the dog back, and by God's help we all survived the Siege, Mrs Harris, Mr Harris, Metcalfe and the dog.

But the siege was not over just then. It lasted until finally relieved on the 22nd November by Sir Colin Campbell, and the first thing he did on forming the communication was to send to each man of the beleaguered garrison a small loaf of bread and a dram of grog, both of which I need not say were very much appreciated by us poor half famished wretches. However, before the final relief we had to undergo not a little hardship, what with starvation, sickness, attacks, etc. We had plenty to occupy our time. Indeed, we had no time. I asked a comrade of mine one day how he was getting on. He said, all right. Why, I heard you were very sick Jim. Sick be hanged man, a fellow hasn't time to get sick now.

About the 28th September^o I was one of some volunteers who were called on to storm a house called Johannas Bungalow. This was a house on the very border of our position, and which we stormed once before and beat the enemy out of it,

but owing to our paucity of numbers we were not able to occupy it, and the Brigadier thought that after being thrashed out of it once they would not have the cheek to occupy it again, but he was deceived. They occupied it again the same night. I was wounded in both legs on this occasion, and the same place happened to be the scene of a little affair which was nearly proving fatal to your humble servant. Those fellows who occupied this place for the second time proved very troublesome to us, and the Brigadier determined to make another attempt, and after taking it, to blow the place up with gunpowder. Consequently, volunteers were called for again. Well, I volunteered again, my former wounds being nearly well. About this time anyway I considered I was all right. Well, there happened to be a great tall soldier of the Grenadiers with the party. There were two ladders placed against the two windows, and the word "Forward" was given. We all rushed off together, and whether me being light or small, or what, I reached one of the ladders just as the tall Grenadier reached the other, and it was a race between him and me, and although I reached every rung of my ladder as soon as he reached his, still he seemed to be higher than I was, and so he was, and I never allowed for his height. However, I believe he got in at his window before I got in at mine, but when I got in I could not see anyone in my room. Consequently I concluded that the enemy did not wait for us but took to their heels as soon as we rushed forward. Well, I looked round the room to see if there was anything

worth laying hands on in the shape of provisions etc. Well, there was a very large box, something about or nearly resembling a large flour bin. The lid was partly up so I threw it entirely up, and what was my astonishment to see three of my sable friends sitting on their haunches in this big box. Well, I shot one and bayonetted another, but the third was on me like mad and before I knew where I was he had hold of my musket by the muzzle so that I could not use the bayonet at him. So there I was, he chopping away at me with his native sword, and me defending myself the best way I could by throwing up the butt of my musket to protect my head and trying to close with him, which I knew was my only chance. In doing this I received a chop from his sword on the left hand which divided the knuckle and nearly cut off my thumb. Well, he had his sword raised to give me, I suppose, the final stroke, when in rushed the tall Grenadier. Tom Carrol took in the situation at a glance and soon put an end to my antagonist by burying the hammer of his musket in the fellow's skull, and when he saw me all covered with blood he shouted out a great hoarse laugh and said, "You little swab, you were very near being done for," and indeed, so I was. I then shewed him the box and its contents, and I can tell you it rather astonished him.

I was laid up with my hand for a few days. About a fortnight after this we had another sortie, and that was to try and capture a heavy Houtzer from the enemy. Now, there were three of this party who

knew the position of this gun. That was a man the name of Ryan, another by the name of Kelly, and myself, and the man who would be first at this gun would be recommended. Well, we all of course would vie for this honour. Well, this Ryan took a circuit on purpose to be first. Well, there was a single brick wall presented itself to us in the way of an obstacle. The other man Kelly knocked the bricks out with the butt of his musket, and as soon as I saw room enough I darted through, and not waiting for anyone I ran off in the direction, never giving it a thought what danger there might be attached to it, and indeed I must admit it was very foolhardy on my part. Be that as it may, there I got before anyone else and lo, the gun was gone. Well, I had time to scratch my initials of my name in the wheel tracks, left there and got into a yard where the old King kept his game fowl. Well now, I upset two of the baskets that contained the fowl. I got two of them and tied them together before the others came in. Well, I went into a shed and got a chatty full of flour. I emptied this flour into a turban that I had round my cap. A bugler, by the name of King said, "Harry, you had better throw away that flour." I said, "Why, George?" "It might be poisoned Harry, you know." "Poison here or poison there George, I will stick to it. I might as well die of poison as die of hunger." Well, after all this the officer recommended Kelly as being the first man at the place where the gun had been, but Kelly manfully enough repudiated the recommendation in my favour (indeed he could do no other) for there

was proof positive in my favour, but the recommendation came to nothing then, but perhaps afterwards it did, but I got no Cross, which are getting as common as dirt nowadays.

Well, we got back to the Garrison about 5.0 p.m. after taking and blowing up a few places, and when I got in I was asked how much I would take for the fowls. I mentioned some fabulous sum, and the parties were only too willing to give it, but I declined. I gave one fowl to Mrs Harris and the other I gave to a lady who had four or five little ones, and little ones who were reared in the lap of oriental luxury, but who, poor little things, were deprived of them during the siege. To do these people justice they did not want to deprive me of the fowl, but I made them take them, and I have no doubt they enjoyed the morsel, and as for the poisoned flour, I tell you it made about the sweetest bread I thought that ever I tasted, and my comrade nor me, well we were not poisoned.

And with this I will wind up the Siege of Lucknow as far as I was concerned. How that was effected I will leave to abler pens than mine. Suffice it we were relieved and the morning after being relieved Sir Colin Campbell ordered our Brigadier to parade the whole of his Garrison, both blacks, white, and chicaboos, and all as we stood. Well, he did so, and such a motly collection of humanity it was never the General's nor any one else's fortune to look upon. He told the Brigadier to parade the 32nd Regiment by itself. He ordered us to close to the left from the remainder, and a sorry sight we

looked after deducting the killed, wounded, and sick who were not then able to stand in the ranks. I believe we mustered about 250 of all ranks; that is rather over than under the number, so that you may judge what we suffered during that time, considering we marched into Lucknow on the 27th December, 1856, 950 bayonets, and on the 23rd November '57 we could scarcely muster the 250 mentioned above, and that was exclusive of the Depot we left at Cawnpore, which we never saw again. The General, on beholding what was left of the once gallant 32nd said, "On my honour, Brigadier, you have a motly crowd to command and more like an invalid Depot than the once fine regiment who fought with me on the Punjab and on the North-West Frontier, but" he said, "never mind men, you have nobly done your duty and when we get to Cawnpore you shall have a rest to recruit yourselves," but that was easier said than done, and scarcely were his words uttered than a messenger arrived with the intelligence that Cawnpore was once more in the hands of the enemy.

General Windham who was left in charge at Cawnpore attacked the enemy and was defeated by them, and had all his stores and magazine captured from him. This caused a very hasty retrograde movement to be made on Cawnpore, for I may say, at that time to lose Cawnpore would be a very severe matter indeed, for it was considered the key of India, and also the base of the Commander-in-Chief's operations, so the order was to push on to Cawnpore, a distance of 48 miles,

which we covered without a halt, but previous to starting we were startled by the sad intelligence that brave and Christian Havelock was no more. He died through over exertion, and before he realised that the nation had at last conferred on him honours which was well earned by him for previous services, which was denied him and bestowed on individuals less worthy, but such is life. He was buried in the garden of the Allenbaugh, by the comrades whom he so often led to victory. Peace be to him.

We arrived at the Bridge of Boats at Cawnpore and halted for the night. Sent out pickets to line the banks of the Ganges, and the next day we were ordered to advance across the bridge. Our advance was covered by two heavy guns belonging to the Naval Brigade, and a rocket battery. This rocket battery commenced sending rockets into the enemy, which so much confused them that it drew their attention from the bridge, so that the whole force crossed without losing a man, and when we did cross, we very soon cut a passage for ourselves to General Windham and his comrades. We brought all the women and children, sick and wounded with us, and left a force at Lucknow under the command of Sir Jas. Outram to keep the Lucknow mutineers in check. Sir Colin's object was to wait till all the women, children, sick and wounded were sent down the country to safer quarters, then when he got reinforcements he would attack the enemy, and teach them a lesson, which General Windham was not able to do for lack of troops. Indeed, I believe

if he had sufficient he would not have suffered the defeat he did, for indeed, whatever people might say to the contrary, and put whatever colouring they could on it, it was a defeat in every sense of the word, and only for the rapid march we made from Lucknow, it was said there would be another massacre at Cawnpore, but thank God, we were the means to prevent.

Well, after the women and children etc. were sent under escort to a safer place, we commenced operations, but previous to their leaving Mr Harris appealed for and obtained leave for me to spend the afternoon of the eve of their departure with himself and wife. I did so and parted with them and my old friend the dog. I forgot to say that the dog had the peculiar name of Bussle. This was about the 30th November, and did not see the dog again until November 1860. Well, my Company with others were sent on outpost duty at the Yellow Bungalow. The outpost was composed of 1 company 32nd, 1 company 23rd Welsh Fusileers, 1 company 82nd regiment, 1 Troop 9th Lancers, and 2 guns R.H. Artillery. Well, the enemy gave us pretty lively times until the afternoon of the 5th December when they shewed themselves properly. They came out in great numbers, attacked our pickets, drove in our advanced sentries, and dismounted one of our-guns and killing a few of the cavalry horses. We formed up ready to receive them. They pressed us rather hard but we kept our position. They came pretty close to us at one time and it was glorious to see the little troop

of 9th Lancers scattering them. An aide de camp rode out to our post and said, "Well done men, you will have to keep this post till morning, and then I trust you will not be required to keep it any longer, for on tomorrow it will be our turn to attack." Everyone seemed to be glad to hear this news, for we wanted to be at these fellows who had it all their own way for some time back.

Well, while these fellows were attacking our post, Sir Colin with a small force was reconnoitering the enemy's position. They saw him and opened fire on his force from all quarters of their position. This was what Sir Colin wanted, for they shewed him the whole of their positions. When he found this out he retired to his camp, and of course the rebels thought they gained a victory, and consequently fired a salute of ever so many guns, and had great feasting in their camp that night, as they thought they thrashed the Verighi dogs again, but they did not know Sir Colin nor what was in store for them the next day. Well, on the morning of the 6th December, the pickets were recalled and we joined our several regiments, and each man was served out with 4 ozs cooked meat and an allowance of biscuit, by way of a snack before commencing the engagement. Well, Sir Colin formed one half of his force in three lines with the usual accompaniments of cavalry and artillery. This half was formed on the plain where our pickets withdrew from, and the other half was formed so as to take the enemy in flank. Well, our force advanced and while the whole force of the enemy were opposed to our portion,

the other portion dashed in and took the enemy beautifully in the flank and rear, so that Mr Enemy had a rough handling and in less than two hours they were thrashed out of Cawnpore. We dashed into their camp where everything seemed in a state of utter confusion. On that day we recaptured everything the enemy had taken from General Windham besides the whole of the enemy's camp equipage, together with their heavy and light guns, and their treasure and their military stores. We chased them for 15 miles after taking their camp, and had to march back the same distance the same day, rather stiff work.

It was hot during the day, and when we bivouacked for the night it was very cold. Of course, we were allowed to light fires, and when we lay down beside the fire there was one side of our bodies warm while the other side was freezing, for you must know that it freezes in India in winter, and it being too late at night when we got back to pitch tents. Therefore we had to do without tents, so that we felt the want of them very much, and when it is remembered that we had only a few ozs of biscuit and 4 ozs of Moroco leather in the shape of beef in our stomach all day, I will leave you to judge how we felt. There was one comfort, we were all alike from the highest to the lowest. Well, the next morning, which was a beautiful one indeed in more reasons than one, for we expected to have a little rest and relaxation, rose splendidly, and indeed, when we looked round it was a splendid picture to contemplate for when the trumpets and bugles sounded

the rouse, what was complete stillness in a second became life and animation and bustle. Well, the grog bugle sounded and each man had an allowance of rum issued to him, and indeed a very welcome guest it was after the cold night. Well, there was no sign of any breakfast for the commissariat had not brought up the rations, and the sailors belonging to Captain Peel had no rum and their Capt. sent to our Colonel to see if we could spare them any. We had only one allowance per man left, and our Colonel asked us if we would spare it to the blue jackets, and of course we said we would spare it to them and welcome, and when the sailors heard this, poor gallant tars, they cheered us all over the position. They asked us how we were off for breakfast. Of course we had none, and they said you shan't be long so, so at it they went and in less than ten minutes there was lumps of beefsteak etc. roasting and frying the best way we could. The fact was the blue jackets chased and killed some of the battery bullocks. I believe some of the sailors cut these bullocks loose for the purpose. However, we had a good breakfast what was a stranger to us for a long time before and sometimes after too, all because the blue jackets got our tot of grog.

After this we were ordered into cantonments for a little rest and breathing, for there was a great deal to be accomplished still. The mutineers were not yet subdued and there was a good deal of hard work and fighting to be got over before we were again masters.

Well, as we were marching for our quarters, the

General halted the regiment for a short time at the place which was the scene of the atrocious slaughter of our poor companions in arms, and also the poor and defenceless women and children. I won't attempt to describe the scene which followed, for I cannot, the remembrance of it is too sad, and I don't wonder at the Highlanders making the vows that they did, i.e. when they came into Cawnpore and when shewn the well in which the poor hapless victims were thrown, they knelt down close to the well and took the Highland vow, that for every one of our poor creatures who were thus slain, 100 of the enemy should bite the dust, and I need not say that they kept their vow. But the Highlanders were not alone in vowing vengeance. The English, Welsh and Paddy Whacks paid the rebels out with the same sauce. We had our Christmas dinner close to this place, and after a little rest we again took the field in company with the Connaught Rangers, under the command of Brigadier Maxwell, with what was called the Flying Column, and well might it be called flying, for we were continually flying from one place to another with an occasional skirmish, that we did not know where we were, at least the fighting machine did not know. Our Brigadier was a regular tartar, and we were almost marched to death, but it had to be done and there was very few indeed but kept up with the column, for if you were so unfortunate as to fall to the rear and not able to regain the column again, it was a blue look-out. However, we found ourselves at last on the Cawnpore or South side of the Grand Trunk

Canal, and there we took post so as to keep the Gwallier rebels in check while the Commander-in-Chief was making his final arrangements for the great attack and final capture of Lucknow. Well, we kept at this work until the 12th March, when we had a sudden order to retire again on Cawnpore and proceed by force march to Lucknow, and it was a force march and no mistake.

We started for Cawnpore about 12 noon, and arrived there more dead than alive at about 11.0 at night, were so fatigued that we laid on the ground all night without pitching our tents. We had a rest the next day and the day after proceeded to Lucknow. We arrived there after another long march and took up a position, but had the mortification to hear that we were not to participate in the final capture of Lucknow, us that defended British honour there and when we nearly lost the best part of our regiment. Yes, it was hard. It deprived us of six months Batta or field pay and another slide on our medal. If we had been a Highland regiment we would be allowed to remain and partake in the attack. Yes, little Band, it was hard that you should be deprived of this honour.

After your trials there, which were great
And such as man cannot relate,
When rebel thousands swarm to stand,
To exterminate you from the land,
When Britons power was but a might
And almost vanquished in the fight,
When her struggling powers no aid could render
Your cry was **DEATH AND NO SURRENDER.**

Yes, that was the cry and nobly you stuck to it, and for what? To be put out in the cold, when honour was to be gained, for it must be remembered we stood alone in Lucknow, shut out from the world from the 30th June till reinforced by General Havelock, and the only excuse for this treatment was that Cawnpore was threatened again by the Nana and the Gwallier contingent. Well, we marched again for Cawnpore. You will say that we would have Cawnpore on the brain by that time. If we had not it on the brain we had it pretty well in the feet. However, there was no help for it but grumble and go, and when we reached our destination there was grumbling loud and long. We landed and parted from the 88th and jolly glad we were too, for although a finer lot of fellows for fighting you could seldom excell, yet their Colonel, who was the Brigadier, was very severe and would not care if the regiment marched to the Antipodes so that he could be accomodated with a little fighting. Of course, these great guns get the least of the fighting, and the lions share of the prize money, and the rank and file the greatest share of fighting and the scantiest portion of prize money.

For the defence of Lucknow my regiment was made Light Infantry and a small brass ornament to wear in our caps. We got one years service without pay and the Black Sepoys who remained faithful to us all got promotion and three years service with the order of merit and pay. Mark the distinction.

After a rest we had the order to proceed to

not far removed ¹²³ from one, and his sentiments
to his men in the boat were something grand.
It was to one of these Islands that the old
King of Delhi was transported after being
Captured after the fall of Delhi for his treachery
in the mutiny. It was here also that Lord Mayo
was assassinated by one of the natives who was
transported to there, when he Lord Mayo was there
on an official visit.

Sailors say that if you only wait for a fair wind
you will be sure to get it - and so did we
one which sent us spinning out of the Dardanelles
and away from the Islands but before getting
Clear of the Bay of Bengal. a Squall suddenly
struck the Ship and threw her on our beam
ends. That means that our Yards were touching
the water on one side - And one of our
Lookers saw a man in his generation than
his Commander, shouts out Come all you
fellows to this side to balance the Ship.
A very wise suggestion - by the way,
when we got out of that Straits without
any Casualty worth speaking of men
and lost. 13000 or a tank like we came
off the Cape of Good Hope, rightly called the
Cape of Storms we lighted Label Bay



Colour Sergeant, 1859 (Light Infantry)

Allahabad, and remained there for a short time, when we were ordered with a small force of Horse Artillery and Cavalry to a place called Ghoophy Ghange [Gopi Ganj?], where an indigo planter had been surrounded by rebels and his life threatened. He held out manfully against these fellows until they heard that we were advancing to his relief, when they bolted, not however, before they destroyed and burned his property, which was rather extensive, and the enemy made the mistake of running foul of us and a short skirmish ensued which did not last very long, for when they found out their mistake they scattered in every direction, not however, before a good many of them bit the dust. This was a very hot day, and I got a touch of sunstroke, but it was dealt with in time so that I did not suffer much. I was able to march back to Allahabad the next day, and on the 12th July '58 we crossed the Ganges in boats to proceed to the relief of the 54th regiment who were hard pressed at a place called Seram. Remained in standing camp there till about the 1st August when we were threatened by the enemy.

Our Brigadier marched about 10 miles to a place called Dhini where the enemy were strongly posted in an entrenched position. He reconnoitred, and in doing so was pretty well fired on by the enemy. He retired on Seram our camp, and the next morning advanced with the whole of his force, except a detachment left in the camp for protection. Well we arrived at our destination about seven or eight o'clock, and as smart an engagement for the time it

lasted did not take place during the whole campaign. Before 10 o'clock the whole of the position were in our hands, together with the whole of their guns, stores, and ammunition, and what escaped of the enemy were scampering over the plain in every direction, followed by our cavalry and horse artillery. We remained there the remainder of the day, destroying the works and in the cool of the evening we marched back to camp, and thus ended the battle of Dhini with very little loss on our side, a few wounded and one man of the 54th killed. This man was one of the party who was detailed to guard the camp, but he took the place of another man who was married and had a family, and thus, poor fellow, met his death. After this action I was promoted Corporal.

Present at the bombardment and capture of the Fort of Thyrrool on the 15th August '58. We marched about 15 miles to attack this fort. We were hammering away at it for two days and on the morning of the third took the place by storm. Took the whole of their guns on this occasion, marched back to camp, and our Colonel gave each man a glass of grog, and because the Quartermaster had not the grog up at once to be issued to the men, he abused the Quartermaster very much. He was a man who thought a great deal of his men, and did not like to see them neglected.

After this we had a month's rest and then broke up camp and marched to join the Commander-in-Chief's army at a place called Sultanpore. We were here some time, and the enemy appeared in force

at a place called Doudpore. (The places in India are nearly all poors or bads.) We were ordered out to smash them. We did so and I shall never forget it. On the night before the action I put on a new pair of Wellington boots (boots could be purchased very cheap in India). Well, I put these boots on and we were told we would start very early in the morning so that we could get the action over and get back again to camp before the sun would attain a very high altitude. We were told we would have to go about five miles, thrash them, and be back again. We started in the morning, me keeping the new boots on all night so that I might have no trouble in putting them on in the morning. Well at the end of the five miles we halted and sent out videts, but no enemy were to be seen. A spy came in and informed the General that the enemy were about three miles in advance, strongly posted in a beautiful position, and indeed they were, but the three miles turned out to be nearer eight. Be that as it may, away we went for them. After being marching some time we came to a very dense jungle and my regiment were ordered to skirmish through it. I forgot to mention that my regiment was partly filled up from home by this time by drafts sent out to us.

Well, we skirmished through this jungle. Sometimes we could not see our right or left files, and indeed our front rank men (I was in the rear rank). Well, we got out of this at last and formed up on what appeared at first sight a beautiful plain, but when we got into it and the action commenced, I

thought we got into a pretty puddle, for the beautiful plain, as we thought, turned out to be a large field of rice, where the natives had been inundating with water from wells, and when we got into it and the enemy commenced peppering us with grape and round shot I thought a great many of us would bite the dust before we got out of it. Every step we took we would sink ankle deep and more sometimes. Meantime the cavalry and horse artillery (splendid arm of the service) got up on our flanks and it took them a long time to come up for they could not get through the jungle the same as the Infantry, and when they came up and commenced operations the enemies fire was drawn from the Infantry. Well, we got out of the mud after a while and went in with the bayonet, headed by our gallant Colonel Carmichael. It was a grand sight to see him. Like a giant he was, about 6 ft. 2½, and built in proportion. We, I mean the Infantry, turned the enemy's flank and they soon shewed the back seams of their jackets, and the cavalry and the R.H.A. completed the game. The Infantry were called off and highly complimented by the General, and they well deserved it, for their advance through morass and the enemy peppering them all the time, their steadiness and coolness deserved all praise. The cavalry and artillery also deserved great praise which they got on their return.

Well, we were served, each man, with a tot of grog, and ordered to lay down under the shade of the trees for the morning's fatigue was too much for

the Infantry to march back again after the action. We remained under the trees for a considerable time, and I fell asleep, and these beautiful boots that was flidedeflop on my feet when we were going through the mud of rice field were many degrees too big for my feet, (for country leather will stretch when wet, it not being properly tanned). When the sun got at them when I was asleep they shrank up again so that I could scarcely move in them, as hard as they could possibly be. When the bugle sounded the fall in I rose up, and Oh, such a stinging headache. I thought my head would burst, and those beautiful boots made matters worse. I thought I should never reach camp, and indeed, I wished a friendly bullet would find its billet in my then miserable body. I could not help it, for I really was bad, and still so bad I would not give in and be carried on the elephant which we captured from the enemy, though frequently urged to do so by the officer and comrades, for I believe they were sick of looking at me in my misery. No, I would not give in. I believe my stubbornness kept me up on that occasion. At length a halt was called, and Oh with joy I heard the sound. I believe I hailed that sound with more joy than the remainder did the sound of the subsequent sound for grog, and that is saying a great deal. As soon as we halted I asked one of my comrades to cut off my enemies (the beautiful boots). "Nonsense Harry, if you do you won't be able to march to camp." I said never mind, do as I tell you. He did so and after I got my allowance of grog and a little rest I was ready for the

road again. We were then about 7 miles from camp. A nice job for bare feet, which were already sore enough, but I did it, and I afterwards heard my comrades say that it was as good as a pantomime to watch me picking soft parts of the road to walk upon. I did it however, and got back all right, but how I felt the next morning I will not say. On arriving in camp we were served with an allowance of grog, and the Captain of my Company asked me how I felt. I told him I did not know. He said could you do with another allowance of rum, and I said I thought I could, and he gave it to me and he remarked that I was the most persevering little man he ever knew. He asked me why, when I felt so bad, that I did not give in. I said if I did my comrades would laugh, and it was. I was too proud to wear the ordinary soldiers' boots. I must needs wear Wellingtons, going into action, but I said, I would never wear Wellingtons again, and indeed I have kept my word, for they are rather too expensive out of India. "Well," the officer said, "What became of the Wellingtons?" I said I had thrown them away. He then gave me what would have bought two pairs of Wellingtons, and thus ended the action of Doudpoor on the 14th November 1858.

After a short time the Commander-in-Chief ordered a flying column commanded by our Colonel, Col. Carmichael. We had pretty nice times with him, long and frequent marching certainly, but he never worried us and we worked hard for him so [getting] him his C.B. which he got subsequently, and he richly deserved it. Well, on one occasion we

marched all one day from 5.0 a.m. till 7.0 p.m. We saw the enemy several times but they would not stay to engage. I think they were getting tired, and indeed so were we, but we had to finish the work cut out for us, i.e. put the mutiny down before we were done and we did it. Well, we got to the banks of the Gogra River. Our object was to keep the enemy in check and from crossing the River until the Chief came upon them. Well, when the enemy heard there was a force at the River they changed their tactics and broke ground. Well, when the Chief heard this he ordered our force to change also, and march to Deriabad (a bad again). Well, off we started, and got within five miles of the place when an orderly mounted on a swift camel overtook us. We were ordered to the right about at once, and march back to the Gogra. We got there just in time, for the enemy, when they found we were gone, started back for the place they left, which was the easiest part of the river for fording. They were just about to cross when we got up and when we opened fire they were taken properly by surprise, and were thinking about retiring when up came the Chief with his army. The job was very soon finished. He took the whole of the rebel camp, stores, guns, treasure, elephants, and several thousand prisoners, which surrendered unconditionally, but the head vagabond got off.

The General was employed the whole of that day in sending the captured stores across the river, and the next day crossed himself and his force, and when passing our camp we were turned out to cheer him, but instead of us cheering him he

ordered his army to halt and gave us three cheers, which of course we responded to. That night we received a general order, the Commander-in-Chief expressing his thanks at our rapid force march and the way we handled the enemy at the Banks of the Gogra, but that did not pull up for being deprived of the honour of being present at the fall of Lucknow. However, he gave us an easy job, and ordered us to go with the Commissioner collecting all the arms from every village. We were employed in this work until the beginning of March 1859, which was a very easy job indeed, comparatively speaking. Sometimes march 10 miles, sometimes 5, and so on according to the distance from village to village, so that we had a very easy time indeed. I must say it was marred by a few instances of cruelty. Some people would call it cruelty, and indeed I must coincide with those, for whatever might occur in the heat of action there is some excuse for, but flogging natives because they denied all knowledge of where the arms were hid, I cannot agree with. Whenever the Commissioner went to a village he demanded to see the head man of the said village. He would then demand the amount of and description of arms in their village. On their denying all knowledge concerning them, they were brought to camp and flogged till they acknowledged, which they might have done at first and saved their back. I believe this was necessary as it saved these districts from joining in any more mutinous conduct.

However, this wound up the campaign as far as

my regiment was concerned, and very glad we all were when we got the order to march into Allahabad, there to be broken up previous to proceeding to Old England once more, and on the 10th March 1859 the regiment was broken up to give volunteers for those regiments remaining in India, every soldier who volunteered to any regiment remaining in the country and medically fit got a bounty of 30 rupees= $\text{to } \pounds 3$ English. We had a good many remain behind, especially young soldiers who joined at the sag end of the campaign and who were prevented by some cause or casualty from taking part in much of the fighting. I had to remain behind at Allahabad after the regiment proceeded on its journey down country to escort a man who was tried for theft. I believe he and some others broke into the treasury at Allahabad while his regiment was at the front. The treasury was robbed of several thousand rupees. This fellow was caught and tried, and sentenced to be flogged and some imprisonment. I forget how much, but I believe he never done it, for he on the regiment landing, deserted, and was never heard of afterwards, and a good job, and would have brought disgrace on the regiment, whose name was spotless before that scoundrel came to it, for be it understood that he was not one of the Lucknow heroes, but one who came from England in a draft of recruits who joined us. I believe he had a blank discharge from the Marines and at that time the authorities were glad to get any sort of man to fill up the gaps caused by the bullet and pestilence.

The Headquarters of my regiment embarked for England on the 22nd March 1859. They landed on the 12th September 1859. The Company that I belonged to was not to accompany the Headquarters, for there was not sufficient room. We were destined to go in another. Fatal destiny for some. The officer commanding my company was to command detachments of different regiments proceeding in this ship, consisting of the left wing of the 84th Regiment, the 2nd Battalion Military Train, and H. Coy 32nd Regiment, the company I belonged to. We embarked on the 17th April and were towed out to sea on the 19th and 20th and on the evening of the 17th there was one of the ship's company sent ashore from the ship for refusing to work or sail in the ship, for he swore there was cholera in the ship, which was only too true. The cholera did break out in the ship and the boatswain of the ship was the first who was attacked and died. The ship's cook was the next, but he got over it. It next broke out amongst the troops, and it was—well, you may imagine that fell disease breaking out in a crowded ship of somewhere about 11 or 12 hundred tons burden, and about 500 men and women on board, exclusive of the ship's company. Why, it beggars description. I would go through the Siege of Lucknow again sooner than experience the same, for in Lucknow, what with the excitement from shot and shell, and mines, etc., as the man said, there was scarcely time to get sick, and there was an end of it, but this way we were cooped up in a dirty ship. Bear in mind this was

not one of H.M.'s troopships, but an old tub of a merchant ship that was hired in a hurry for the occasion, for there was so many troops coming home from India at that time that they were glad to get any sort of a tub to transport troops in, and as for the crew, well, the less said about them the better, only they were composed of all sorts.

Well, the cholera continued to make havoc, throwing overboard every day at the rate of four and five, till the ship had to lay to at the Sand Head and the General Doctor signalled for from Calcutta. He came, and previous to his coming the troops were ordered to bring everything from the troop deck up to the main deck; give the ship a thorough overhauling from stem to stern as the saying is, and then disinfected. All the men who were suffering at the time were taken up and placed under an awning on the poop. The pumps were set to work, salt water pumped into the ship and pumped out again, and it is almost impossible to conceive the filth that was got out of the ship. However, by the time the General Doctor came on board the ship had assumed a pretty tidy appearance, and when he did come on board and saw the arrangements he said we could not have done better if we were trying for a twelve month and told us, that the only chance we had was by proceeding on our voyage.

And now for a couple of instances in connexion with this disease. There was on board an old Sergt. Major who belonged to the Company's Service and whose term of service had expired. He was

pensioned off from the Service and was homeward bound to rest after his well earned pension—for in those days if a man enlisted in the Company's Service you had to remain in India the whole of the time that would entitle you to a pension and that would be the whole term of 21 years. Well, this man had no doubt been the whole of that time there and you would say long enough too. Well, when the General Doctor was about to step into his boat which was to take him to his steamer, this Sergt. Major went to him and said, "Will you kindly allow me, Sir, to go back to Calcutta in your steamer? I don't wish to remain any longer aboard this plague-stricken ship." The General Doctor stared at him (and well he might) for such a strange request. He said, "My good man the only chance you have is to go on in your ship." The man said, "The only chance I have is to accompany you back to Calcutta and that I'll do right or wrong." He tried to persuade him but it was no use. At last the Doctor said to him, "I think you are afraid." The man said, "You have just hit it. Sir, I have been in many a rough scene and many a bloody engagement and never felt the least dread or uneasiness till now." And I believed that man. However the General Doctor humoured him and took him in his boat and, as he was descending the ship's side the Doctor made the remark, I believe he has it now—and sure enough before the steamer was out of sight the Signal was made from her mast head that this man had died. Such is the force of fear. I believe that man would have faced the

Cannon's Mouth in action without the least hesitation and often done so, yet acknowledged his fear of the Cholera and I have not the least hesitation in saying that fear was the cause of his death.

And now for an opposite Character. Whatever you may say of this, and I know you will stare, for it is enough to make anyone stare. We had an old soldier belonging to my Company whose name was Roberts. It was his duty to look after the arm chest and keep the rifles and bayonets etc. in order. One day he was doing something with the chest, the ship giving a sudden lurch the chest got on his foot somehow and bruised his great toe. Well this poor old soldier took the cholera and when the orderlies were rubbing the cramps in his legs, his constant cry was, "*Oh mind my big toe!*" Well it came to the turn of a hardened individual to be over poor Jack Roberts and of course the usual cry of *Oh mind my big toe*. Well, this wretch put up with the cry a good while and indeed I must give him the credit of doing his duty by this poor man. The sweat was pouring off him in streams, he rubbed so hard. Just now this poor fellow shouts, "*Oh Martin mind my big toe,*" when, "*Oh,*" the hardened wretch shouts, "*d—— your B—— big toe what the —— will you do when you get cramp in your old toe.*" So much for him. Anyway the poor man did not suffer much longer.

And now I am going to wind up the Cholera question with a dog story (you see the dogs will be in it). I mentioned two young women whose brother was blown up with gunpowder and their

stepfather, their brother and sister and their mother were killed at Cawnpore. Well, one of those two young women was courted by our Drum Major and when the depot was left at Cawnpore this young man left his sweetheart a pet dog by way of a keepsake. Well, after we had been at Lucknow for some time, this young Drum Major applied for and obtained leave to proceed to Cawnpore and marry this young girl. He went there and got married, brought his wife to Lucknow thus saving her from massacre but the dog was left to her sister at Cawnpore. I may say this sister was left a widow as her husband was one of the victims of the cholera on march. Well, this dog it seems escaped from the trenches at Cawnpore and when our women from the residency got to Cawnpore this dog by some means found its way to the place where the women were in camp and immediately recognised its old mistress and jumped on her. You may be sure this act on the part of the faithful quadruped awakened up old scenes and associations, some joyous no doubt and others—well we shan't dwell on them. Suffice she got the dog and also obtained readily a free passage in our ship. The Captain said he could not refuse it and indeed he said he was rather glad to have to say that he not only brought home some of the Lucknow heroes but brought something which escaped from the trenches at Cawnpore. You will scarcely believe but the dog took sick. Everyone said it shewed every symptom of the cholera. Be that as it may the poor brute in a very short time died and was very soon food for fishes and I

will say that there was a general sorrow, so to speak, for the faithful animal was becoming a great favourite. Strange to say that we had not one case after that, and we were beginning to look up a bit and singing Home Sweet Home again when about four nights after this we were all surprised to hear that a fine young soldier of the Military train was taken suddenly ill, and died with a few hours sickness. He was a Troop Sergt. Major and much respected by all hands. He was all through the Crimean Campaign including the Balaclava charge of the Light Brigade and through the Indian Mutiny including the Relief and Capture of Lucknow, and to die thus and become food for fishes. The sailors say its a glorious death. Give me the tented field. But such is life and truly might it be said in the midst of it we are in death.

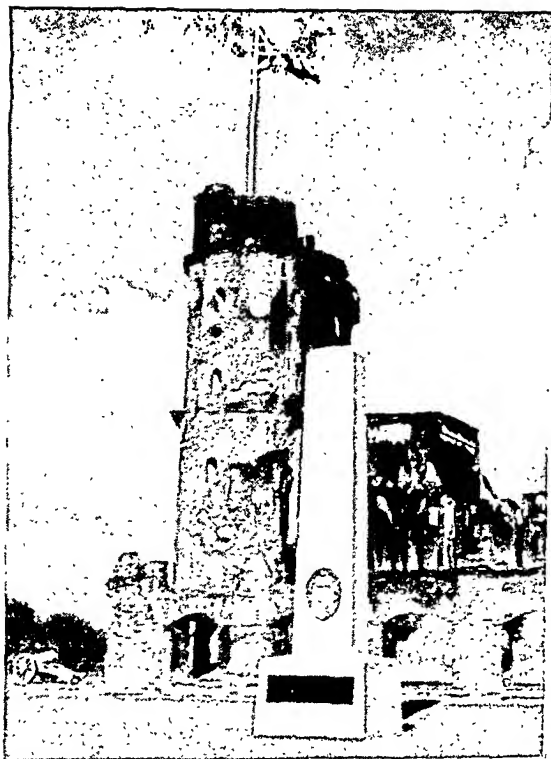
But enough, we are homeward bound and all of a sudden we get wind bound and are knocking about the Andaman and Knickabu [Nicobar] Islands in what the sailors call the Doldrums, that is neither going backwards or forwards. Well we find ourselves suddenly abreast of one of these Islands on a Sunday morning and the Captain ordered the ship to be hove to. We had not been long in this position before we saw a good many canoes putting off to us manned by fine stalworth fellows almost nude. There was one old dignified gent stood up in the stearn of his canoe and in plain English hailed us with—Ship Ahoy—What ship is that? Ans. The Pomona of Liverpool. Ques. Then where are you bound for? Ans. England.

Ques. What's your cargo? Ans. Live lumber: i.e. Soldiers. Ques. Do you want any more? Ans. What have you got? Ans. Pigs. Captain—Come alongside—and alongside they come. The Capt. said to the Native in the stearn Who are you? I am the King of the Island. Will you come on board? Yes. He steps on board and a card he was. He had something around his loins and something on his head. When he came on board the Captain offered him an old gun which was in use in Queen Ann's time and he got two beautiful grunterns for it. I offered him a few rupees for one for my mess but he refused. The Colour Sergt tryed him with an old rusty clasp knife and succeeded. You may imagine what a hunt ensued for old knives and forks after that but the remainder were all bought up by the Capt for the officer's table and two others he kept and sold them at Gravesend for a good price.

After the Captain had done with the pig business the officers dressed up this Sprig of Royalty in a scarlet jacket, a pair of white small clothes, top boots and an old silk hat. They then placed him in front of a mirror and the capers that ebony faced individual cut were sublime. He did not know himself and he danced about the poop deck like a maniac, which he was not far removed from one, and his gesticulations to his men in the boat were something grand. It was to one of these Islands that the old King of Delhi was transported after being captured after the fall of Delhi for his complicity in the mutiny. It was here also that Lord Mayo was assassinated by one of the Natives



Henry Metcalfe in retirement



*13th August, 1947.
The last Union
Jack flies from the
tower*

The Residency,
Lucknow



*14th August. The steel
mast bare for the first
time for ninety years*

who was transported to there, when he Lord Mayo was there on an official visit.

Sailors say that if you only wait for a fair wind you will be sure to get it and so did we, one which sent us spinning out of the Doldrums and away from the Islands but before getting clear of the Bay of Bengal a squall suddenly struck the ship and threw her on her beam ends. That means that our yards were touching the water on one side, and one of our soldiers more wise in his generation than his comrades, shouts out, "Come all you fellows to this side to balance the ship." A very wise suggestion—by the way, since we got out of that scrape without any casualty worth speaking of and never lost a brace or a tack till we came off the Cape of Good, rightly called the Cape of Storms. We sighted Tabel Bay about 3.0'c p.m. on the 1st July and it was three days before we could get into port. We wanted to run in here to get a fresh supply of provisions and water. The latter was the most needed as we seemed very short. We got supplied and it was 14 days before we could get out again. When we got out we got a fair wind which lasted till we arrived in the Chops of the Channel. I may add that we had the 2nd anniversary of the Relief by Havelock, i.e. the 25th Sept., and there being a good few of Havelock's Heroes on board, the 84th Regt, our Commanding Officer ordered an extra allowance of grog to the troops and ships company about 5 p.m., about the time that Havelock's force got to the Residency of Lucknow, and you may be sure that this was the cause of many an incident in

connection with the occasion to be talked over and battles and skirmishes being fought over again and messing comrades called to mind, their good qualities talked over and extolled and their bad ones if any never alluded to.

We anchored in Gravesend Reach on Saturday October 11th, 1859 and the next morning Sunday were awakened by the welcome and beautiful sounds of the different bells. Calling the inhabitants to early worship. The tones of these bells were the sweetest musick that we heard for many a year and were doubly so to us who were cooped up in an old tub of a transport ship for nearly six months, on the eve of our leaving her for Tera firma on the morrow, all being well. And we disembarked on Monday and took a train for Dover midst the shouts and acclamations of the inhabitants of Gravesend. I may also state that when the rest of the ships in the harbour found out who were on board our ship their crews manned yards and gave us three splendid cheers, such cheers as only can be given by British Tars.

Well, we arrived at Dover about 3 p.m. on 13th Oct. and our reception there was no less cordial than the ovation which was accorded us at Gravesend. There were no less than three military bands playing us from the station to the barracks to the old air See the Conquering Heroes Come, etc. The streets and windows were beautifully decorated with flags, banners, etc. with the words displayed here and there Welcome The Heroes of Lucknow—Welcome the Protectors of Women & Children & etc.

This was all very nice and grand and gratifying to the War-worn soldier and gave us to understand that we were not forgotten by a grateful public for our services. And so it would be if the same feeling always remained but our deeds like everything else were soon forgot by that grateful public and by others also, and of course gradually drifted into the common soldier once more, till our grateful country once more required the services of those forgotten (and in some instances I am sorry to write) despised ones. Such is the soldier and such is the grateful public also. Indeed I might quote here the lines of a once famous commander who says—

When War is proclaimed and dangers nigh
God and our soldiers is the peoples cry
But when peace is proclaimed and all things
righted
God is forgot and the soldier slighted.

And I can safely say it is a fact. I obtained a furlough and went home and soldier-like fell courting very fast and at the expiration of my furlough came back and left the girl I loved behind me, but not like most soldiers for good, for in six months time I went back and married the girl I left behind me and we have not parted company since. And soon after came back to the Regt who were stationed in Aldershot where I was promoted to the rank of Sergt.

And now about the Lucknow Dog again. I said I left the dog with Mr Harris after Havelock's relief. I saw him only once after that and that was when

I went to take leave of Mrs and Mr Harris previous to them proceeding down country. That would be about the end of Nov. '59. I did not see him again until one day about the beginning of November 1860 when I was on what they term line duty at the permanent barracks at Aldershot and just as I faced inwards towards the block, who should I see running towards me but Mr Harris accompanied by the dog who the moment he saw me immediately recognised me and commenced jumping at me and cutting all sorts of joyful antics. Now this seems rather strange after a laps of three years that the dog should know me again but he did. Mr Harris came with the express purpose of obtaining leave for my wife and me to spend the next day with him and some friends of his. He got us a cab and we spent a very enjoyable day and after lunch I was rather surprised when Mr Harris returned after a short absence with a very big pipe indeed and a great paper of tobacco and he said, "Now Metcalfe, if I could not accomodate you in Lucknow, I can now"; handing this great long pipe and the tobacco, and now he said, "Smoke till you are black in the face," and indeed I paid attention to it. Our reception on that occasion was good indeed and well worthy the Lady and Gentleman who accorded it, and on that occasion he renewed his promise to me that he made on a former occasion but I never saw him after that and I am almost ashamed to own that I never corresponded with him.

Well, after remaining in Aldershot till August '61

we got the rout to Plymouth, was there when the Prince Consort died and also when the Prince of Wales was married, when all the arrangements were carried out in a splendid state both afloat and ashore. We left Plymouth for Ireland on the 14th April 1863, were stationed at the Curragh Camp, a splendid place for exercising large bodies of troops. Marched for Richmond Barracks, Dublin on the 10th October '63. Went to the school of Musketry, Fleetwood, Lancashire on the 15th April for the purpose of studying for the post of Musketry Instructor. I was there till the 1st September. I was at Wimbledon at the great meeting of 1864 when a drill Sergt. of the Guards shot a marker. Joined the Regt again from Fleetwood after obtaining my certificate of qualification. The Regt marched back to the Curragh again during my absence at Fleetwood, so I joined them there again. We marched from there to Waterford and Kilkenny, one half of the Regt stationed at each place. My company went to Duncannow, where I had a son born to me on Xmas day of 1864. Went back to the Curragh again in March 1865 and on the 5th July embarked on board H.M. Ship Himalayah for conveyance to Gibraltar and disembarked on the 12th July. Previous to our disembarkation my eldest child Agnes was severely scalded by upsetting a tin pot of boiling tea on herself but thank God she got over it all right. I was put on the public works in Gibraltar and had charge of 150 men but of course under the superintendence of the Royal Engineers. Our friend the Cholerah paid us another visit at

THE CHRONICLE OF

Gib and the troops suffered most severely here while it lasted and your humble servant was not an exception to the rule on this occasion for I got an attack of it here too, but thank God, as in the first, I was granted a longer day. We lost a good many men here, one woman and several children. I was nearly losing my eldest girl, Agnes, but she was spared and after this my Christmas box was very near going but he was also spared thank God. I was here appointed Canteen Sergt for six months and at the expiration of my term was promoted Colour Sergt of a company.

In May '67 we got the route for the Mauritius, formerly called the Isle of France. Well, we embarked on board H.M.S. Ship Orontus and arrived at Simons Bay, Cape of Good Hope, where stayed for a short time owing to an epidemic which broke out in the Mauritius among the Native coolies who were suffering very much from it. At last we steamed for the Mauritius and arrived at Port Louis on the 3rd July 1867 and disembarked the next day, 4th July. A small detachment was left at Port Louis and the remainder with headquarters proceeded to Mayhburgh [Mahebourg] and remained there until February 1868 and during our stay here I was presented with another increase. On the 14th Sept. a daughter was born to me and on the following February we embarked at Port Louis on board H.M. Ship Urgent for the Cape of Good Hope where we arrived after ten days steam and disembarked at East London.

After being in Camp for a few days we marched

for Fort Beaufort on the Frontier. We marched to King William's Town and were well received by the Regt lying there at the time, H.M.'s Holy Boys.* After resting here a few days we started for Fort Beaufort and after four days march arrived at that station. Very easy times at this place. We remained here till November 68 and then got the route for Graham's Town which was the Headquarters for the Eastern Province. I was appointed Garrison Sergt Major at Port Elizabeth and remained here my own master for a considerable time. While I was stationed here I witnessed a terrific storm, the wind blowing from the south east. There were 19 ships wrecked, and one of these ships was totally smashed to pieces and all hands lost and this in sight of thousands who could render them no assistance. I remained at Port Elizabeth until 1871 when I was ordered to rejoin the left wing of my Regt which was stationed at King William's Town. This was rather unexpected for I was drawing my weeks allowance of fuel about 12 noon and was on board the mail steamer bound for East London again at 4 p.m. Rather quick work and which caused me to part with a good many articles at a great sacrifice. However, there was no help for it. I had to grin and bear it. We arrived at East London all right after a very nice run of two days and disembarked the same day and marched again for King William's Town where I remained till November 1871 when I passed the Board of Claims

* The Royal Norfolk Regiment.

and retraced my steps once more to East London, there to embark once more for England.

And now once more we are homeward bound. My services in the Regular Army would expire on the voyage home. We embarked again at East London, called in at Simon's Bay where the soldiers and ships company had great fun in catching fish. We sailed from there and had Christmas off the Island of St. Helena, the grave of that once famed Napoleon. Next called at the Island of Ascension, so called through being discovered on Ascension Day. We coaled here and proceeded on our voyage, next called at St. Vincent, after that crossed the Bay of Biscaya which was very stormy, but our ship rode through it like a duck. We arrived at Queen's Town after a beautiful passage. Our next place was Plymouth where we took in Supernumeraries for the Channel Fleet which we left at Portland.

Our next and final stage was Portsmouth and on the 29th January 1872 we landed and proceeded by rail to Chichester, the discharge Depot, where I remained a few months as Clerk in the discharge office, when I was discharged and joined the East York Militia at Beverley, Yorkshire, as Musketry Instructor, where I remained for three year and six months and after being thoroughly disgusted with the Militia I purchased my discharge and joined the 27th Cheshire Rifle Volunteers at Wilmslow. There I thought I would remain and settle down after many roving years but it was not to be. After being there about 4 years where I was nicely settling down, my commanding officer, in acknowledge-

ment of my services, promoted me to the post of senior instructor to the Macclesfield Volunteers. This was to better my position and so it did in a monetary sense but I was much happier where I was.

*

*

*

That is the end of Private Henry Metcalfe's Chronicle.

Well, as our author would say, all good infantrymen dislike leaving their Regiments.

APPENDIX
AND
NOTES

APPENDIX

The following extract from the Dover Chronicle, of Saturday, 17th September, 1859, is a reporter's account of the festivities to which Corporal Henry Metcalf's comrades were treated on arrival in England. The Battalion Headquarters and part of the Regiment reached home in the Albuera ahead of Metcalf's ship, the Pomona, and so enjoyed the first welcome both from the Royal Family at Portsmouth and from the good townspeople of Dover.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF THE "LUCKNOW HEROES" AT DOVER

The gallant 32nd, whose exploits in the East will never be forgotten so long as the history of India shall be read, arrived at Dover on Saturday, August 27th. From the first intimation, some weeks ago, of the probability of their being quartered at the Western Heights, it was determined by a few of our townsmen to endeavour to get up a demonstration of welcome. A committee was formed, Mr. Charles Lamb, our old and respected fellow-townsmen, who is ever ready to forward projects of this kind, acting as chairman, and a subscription was suggested, and immediately entered into. Their efforts were in every case met with enthusiasm—each agreed in the justice of a public tribute to these brave defenders of Lucknow. A memorial was forwarded to the authorities of the War

Office, requesting that they might disembark from their long voyage at Dover. Previous arrangements, however, precluded this, and the remnant of that gallant body of men, who had suffered so severely in their warmest domestic associations, and who afterwards so fearfully avenged their own injuries, and the wrongs of Britain, arrived at Portsmouth on the evening of the 26th August. They were conveyed on shore by steam tug soon after breakfast the following morning, and preparations were made for their being inspected by Her Majesty. A dais was hurriedly prepared, in front of which the 32nd were drawn up in line with their band and colours—the latter having emblazoned on their silk the glorious names of Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, Orthes, Peninsula, Waterloo, Punjaub, Mooltan, Goojerat, and Lucknow. Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, with the Princess Alice, and Prince Arthur, attended by the royal suite, shortly after arrived, amid salutes from the ships and garrison, and immediately proceeded to the ground, where the troops were drawn up. Her Majesty, after passing up and down the lines, desired that the “Lucknow men” should be called to the front, when her Majesty welcomed them to England, and expressed her gratification at the appearance of the men in general. Dr. Boyd, at the express wish of her Majesty, had the honour of being presented and receiving the Queen’s congratulations on his return from India. The East Kent Militia formed the guard of honour for the occasion. The inspection over, the Royal party quitted the ground amid much cheering; and the 32nd immediately proceeded by train, and arrived at Dover, where the depot has sometime been quartered, at half-past six p.m.

Information of their having left Portsmouth was

conveyed by telegram, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, placards were issued through the town, calling upon all to do honour to the "Heroes of Lucknow", a call that was responded to as warmly as could be. Long before the train arrived, the streets were crowded with persons hastening towards the railway terminus, on the platform of which was stationed the band of the depot of the gallant regiment, and at the entrance, that of the Oxford Militia. General Crauford, the commandant of the garrison, with his Aide-de-Camp, Captain Malet, Major Barnard, Lieut-Colonel Carmichael, Lieut-Colonel Fane, Col. Cuppage, Captain Triscott, Admiralty Superintendent, Captain Smithett, and other officers of the port and garrison were present. The windows throughout the town exhibited flags, some bearing mottoes in reference to the veterans; the Sailors' Home was decorated with a wreath of flags of all nations, and at night was illuminated with ship lanterns; the Crosswall, onwards to the Gun Hotel, was a complete streamlet of colours. At the request of a deputation of the committee, permission was given that the heroes should march through the town, and so up the Military Road instead of ascending the Grand Shaft. When the signal announced their arrival, a tremendous shout rose from the assembled multitude, which must have gone to the hearts of those for whom it was intended as a welcome. This was taken up by the people outside, and the whole welkin rang with acclamation. The bands struck up "Home Sweet Home", and other cheerful tunes; the men were quickly formed into ranks, and commenced their march. The cavalcade was headed by a banner with the inscription "Welcome home Heroes of Lucknow", followed by the bands of the 32nd depot, the Oxford Militia, and the headquarters band of the 32nd; the commandant and

APPENDIX

several officers of the garrison on horseback; an immense concourse of the inhabitants followed next; and, lastly, the fine fellows whom this demonstration was intended to welcome, their brown countenances bearing impress of the late campaign. A more animated, heart-stirring scene, it has seldom been our lot to witness; and we trust this spontaneous tribute of their countrymen's gratitude was acceptable to them. In this way they proceeded up Snargate Street, through the Market Place, to the Military Road, at every step welcomed by increased crowds in the streets, and cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, and small banners from every window along the line of march. These brave fellows, the remnant of the regiment, made their voyage in the *Albuera*, arriving at Portsmouth on Friday evening. They mustered 298, viz., 10 officers, and 288 non-commissioned officers and privates; accompanied by 20 women, and 18 children; thus making the strength of the regiment now about 1100. They left England in 1846, and have consequently been abroad 13 years; during the dreadful scenes in India, they were sadly cut up; and the details of their suffering, bravery, and endurance are such as to endear them and their name to Englishmen.

In order to follow up this welcome, the committee entered into arrangements to give a festival to the regiment.

THE BANQUET

This much-anticipated public tribute to the valour and undaunted spirit of the "Heroes of Lucknow", the gallant 32nd, came off on Tuesday, Sept. 13. The day was delightfully fine, and the spacious plain on the Western Heights was crowded with spectators, eager to

APPENDIX

do honour to those who had done honour to the country. The military authorities and the people of Dover appeared to go hand in hand to carry out this public demonstration of national feeling. Gen. Crauford, commandant of the division, afforded every facility; the use of the spacious Gunshed for the banquet was granted. No building could be better adapted for the purpose, giving ample space for the accommodation of the guests, at the same time admitting many hundreds of ladies and gentlemen as spectators. The shed was tastefully decorated: laurels emblematic of the victors' career, entwined every pillar, and adorned every available space. Flags and banners were in profusion, and a collection of appropriate mottoes and sentiments were inscribed on them. Above the dais erected for the use of the committee was a beautiful banner bearing the words, "The Queen and Prince Albert"; while along the walls were others with different inscriptions: "Welcome, Heroes of Lucknow", "Peace and good will", "Welcome to Dover", &c. Intermixed with these—peeping as it were between the laurels and evergreens—the ever memorable names of places in which this gallant regiment has from its first enrolment distinguished itself were to be seen. Corunna, Nivelle, Orthes, Peninsula, Waterloo, Punjaub, Goojerat—worthy adjuncts of Lucknow. Tables were spread the whole length of the building, bountifully supplied with provisions, presided over by different gentlemen of the town. The following was the bill of fare:—

- 18 joints of roast sirloin of beef—hot
- 4 boiled rounds of ditto—cold
- 12 large savoury pies—cold
- 18 boiled hams (ornamented)—cold
- 12 legs of roast mutton—hot

APPENDIX

20 plum puddings (2 cwt)—hot
12 large jam tourtes
40 dishes of prime Cheshire cheese
40 dishes of vegetables
2 quarts of the best ale per man
Also a liberal supply of tobacco

- The thanks of the town are certainly due to the Committee for their excellent arrangements. The dinner, under the entire management of Mr Kingham, being ready to the minute; while the tables were laid out with great taste—that on which the officers' repast was spread being richly provided with delicacies.

At about two o'clock it was announced that all was prepared, and great was the excitement of the assembled crowds as the veterans approached. True, it was a march to a banquet: but there was a something peculiarly solemn in the slow, steady step of the veterans to the table: reminiscences appeared to fill the brain of everyone. There were before us men who had fought our country's battles, who had deeply suffered in their warmest affections, and who had as deeply avenged their own and their country's wrong. For a few minutes a dead silence prevailed, as, two and two, the gallant remnant of the 32nd approached and took their allotted place—the emotions of all the spectators being as though paralysed. This endured for a few minutes; but the pent-up feeling burst in one spontaneous cheer—a cheer so long, so loud as to carry conviction of sincerity to the heart of every one it was intended to welcome. Seldom can there have appeared a scene more impressive than this: it must have forcibly told the soldier the estimation in which he is held by the public, and that he is no longer looked on as the mere machine

to work his country's behests; but as a fellow citizen, who, having done his duty, is entitled to, and receives the public thanks. We had expected the entrance of the guests to be heralded by a band, and for a moment were disappointed. But no band—no music could so forcibly have acknowledged their arrival as the impressive impulse we have faintly endeavoured to describe. Neither the silence nor the cheer was confined to the gentlemen—it was deeply participated in by their fair companions; and many a cheek bore evident marks of that tear which female beauty was ever ready to bestow on the brave. Immediately on the gallant regiment (mustering nearly 400 officers and men) seating themselves, the chairman of the committee, [addressed them].

The repast having been disposed of,

The Chairman rose and gave, "The Queen",—a toast which he was sure was dear to the hearts of every one present. (The toast was received with tremendous cheers by both officers and men, and was drunk, as might be expected, with every demonstration of loyalty.)

The next toast was "The health of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort", the chairman in giving it observing that he was sure all must be highly gratified in knowing that our glorious Queen had, in her beloved consort so kind and so affectionate a husband, so able an adviser, and so good a father. (Loud cheers, in the course of which the toast was duly honoured.)

"The health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family" having been given, and loyally responded to,

The Chairman gave a toast to the immortal memory of that worthy and noble officer, Sir Henry Lawrence, and those noble and gallant heroes, who, in bravely

APPENDIX

performing their duty in defending the Residency of Lucknow, had covered themselves with such glory as would ever remain imperishable. He must beg of them that they would all rise to receive the toast with the utmost respect that could be paid to it, but in solemn silence. The gallant services of those noble heroes would never be forgotten either by their Queen or their country.

The toast was received with all the respect justly due to it.

The Chairman then intimated that the next toast he had to propose in the name of his brother committeemen and of the inhabitants of Dover, and one which he gave with every mark of respect due to it, was, "The health of that gallant and noble officer, Sir John Inglis and those who had survived the defence of Lucknow". They had that day been honoured with the presence of a portion of those noble men, and he need hardly say that mingled feelings of happiness and pride pervaded the hearts of every one who had seen them now assembled. Time would not permit of his commenting upon the glorious deeds which had been done by those heroic men, and, therefore, he could do no more than repeat the toast which he had given.

The toast was received amid loud cheers, in the course of which, a private soldier mounted a form and proposed three hearty rounds of applause for the respect shown by the inhabitants of Dover to the regiment.

THE GAMES

At the conclusion of the banquet, the guests, accompanied by many thousands of spectators, repaired to the plateau near the Citadel, where they entered into spirited contests in almost every kind of athletic

sports. Many of these excited much merriment, especially the race with men having a pail of water on the head, which was at one time tilted over an officer, and again the spectators receiving the contents of another in their midst; as also the sack race; while the agility displayed by the competitors in running, leaping, &c., called forth the admiration of all. The following are the names of those who carried off the first prize in the following races:—

Running, Hop, Step, and Jump. First prize, 8s.

—J. Reynolds, 5th company.

Fifty-yard Race, with a pail of water on the head.

First prize, 8s.—J. Condon, 6th company.

Sack Race of fifty yards. Prize, 6s.—J. Connell, 6th company.

Grinning through a Horse Collar. Prize, 5s.—

J. Connell 6th company.

The games were continued till dusk, when the assembled thousands gradually dispersed, and thus ended a day which could not fail to be grateful in remembrance both to the guests and the hosts.

THE BALL

In the evening a ball took place at Mr. Stone's Apollonian Hall, which was both numerously and fashionably attended, nearly 150 persons being present.

NOTES

1. From a letter written by Major-General John Edmondstone, 32nd Light Infantry, when a Lieutenant in his Regiment after the Siege of Lucknow in 1858:—

Cawnpore. 4th January, 1858.

My dearest Mother,

For the last 3 or 4 days I have been lying on my back from a severe attack of Rheumatism; so bad it was, that I lost the power of moving the lower part of my body, but I am almost all right again just in time to write you a short letter as the mail goes out this afternoon. I will give you a short sketch of my proceedings. On the 30th of June as you know the fatal battle of Chinhut took place; I was not out there, but was sent out with 38 men to cover the retreat, by holding the Iron Bridge, which I did for a long time under a very heavy fire of musketry, but by putting my men down in a good position I had only one killed and one wounded. The enemy forded the river in order to cut us off in the rear, when I sent in to know whether I was to retire, or hold the position at all risks. I was immediately recalled and told we had done good service, it was rather ticklish work, being out on my own responsibility, and being the first time I was ever under fire. A young boy of the 41st N.I. Ensign McGregor went out with me as a volunteer and right well did he behave, poor fellow he is since dead.

2. Lieut. Edmondstone's letter continues:—

The next night about 11 o'clock, I was sent for, by Sir Henry Lawrence, to occupy a mosque with 15 men to cover the retreat of the Muchie Boun party, the retreat was effected without a shot being fired and I withdrew my party very glad to do so as I certainly expected desperate work.

3. In her diary (*A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow*, John Murray, 1858) Mrs Harris writes:—

"July 4th 1857 . . . A soldier of the 32nd, called Metcalfe, has taken charge of dear old Bustle for us. He was so much in the way down in the Tye Khana, and received such black looks from — and —, we were afraid we should have been obliged to condemn him to death as the most merciful way of getting rid of him, when this delightful man, who is on guard at this house, offered to take charge of him for us till better days should come . . ."

4. Lieut. Edmondstone's letter again:—

After that we had fearful work, turned out twice or thrice every night. My station was the Redan Battery one day, and the Gorge of the Redan the next. Laurence with the light company took turn about with me. On the 20th of July I was at the Gorge of Redan when that desperate attack took place, my company was divided into 3 parties so I had to move about a good deal; when standing at the mortar of Macfarlane's (Mrs Young's friend) battery I got shot in the stomach; so little pain it was I did not think it had entered, it was just as if a hard ball had struck me, it took my wind away, not hearing the ball drop and not finding it in my clothes I thought it would be advisable to go to Hospital and see what sort of wound I had got. Directly I undid my belt I got quite

sick. I found the ball had run along under the muscles of the stomach for about 7 inches where it was cut out. I was in Hospital about a month 4 pieces of cloth having remained in the wound which made it troublesome. After I was discharged and at my duty, the wound broke out again and I had to go to Hospital for another week then I came out and was at my duty for a fortnight but was very ill all the time with low fever, after walking 10 yards I used to go quite blind and have to sit down till my sight came again. I was obliged to go into Hospital again and did not come out till the 27th September, 2 days after Havelock came in. I was so thin that when I weighed in the Butchers scales I was only 8 st 11 lbs, rather a come down from 11 st 5 lbs.

5. Letter from Colonel Inglis commanding the Residency Garrison, to General Havelock:—

25th August.

My dear General,

Lest my letter of the 16th shd have miscarried I send herewith a duplicate of its contents. 'A note from Col. Tytler to Mr. Gubbins reached last night dated Mungalwar 4th inst. The latter para of wh is as follows. "You must aid us in every way even to cutting yr way out if we cannot force our way in." This has caused me much uneasiness as it is quite impossible with my weak and scattered force that I can leave my defences. You must bear in mind how I am hampered, that I have upwards of 120 sick and wounded and at least 220 women and 130 children and no carriage of any description besides sacrificing 23 lakhs of treasure and about 30 guns of sorts. In consequence of the news I shall soon put the force on half rations unless I hear again from you. Our

provisions will last us then till about 10th September. If you hope to save this force no time must be lost in pushing forward. We are daily being attacked by the enemy who are within a few yards of our defences. Their mines have already weakened our post and I have every reason to believe they are carrying on others. Their 18 prs are within 150 yds of some of our batteries and from their position and our inability to form working parties we cannot reply to them and therefore the damage done hourly is very great. My strength now in Europeans is 350 and about 300 Natives, and the men dreadfully harassed, and owing to part of the Residency having been brought down by round shot, many are without shelter. Our native force having been assured on Col. Tytler's authority of your near approach some 25 days ago, are naturally losing confidence, and if they leave us I do not see how the defences are to be manned. Since the above was written the enemy have sprung another mine.'

General Havelock had already written to Colonel Inglis who had evidently not yet received this letter:—

Cawnpore. Aug. 24th 1857.

My dear Colonel,

I have your letter of the 16th inst. I can only say hold on and do not negotiate but rather perish sword in hand. Sir Colin Campbell, who came out at a day's notice to command upon the news arriving of General Anson's death, promised me fresh troops and you will be my first care. The reinforcements may reach me from 20 to 25 days and I will prepare everything for a march on Lucknow.

Yours very sincerely, H. Havelock

(Both letters were, for security reasons, written partially in Greek characters.)

6. Brigadier John Inglis wrote:—

Many [of the women], among whom may be mentioned the honoured names of Birch, of Polehampton, of Barber, and of Gall, have, after the example of Miss Nightingale, constituted themselves the tender and solicitous nurses of the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospital.

7. 1846. In consequence of the particularly gallant conduct of Sergeant Bernard M'Cabe, Major-General Sir Henry Smith, in a letter dated 17th February was pleased to recommend him for a commission in the following terms:—

This intrepid non-commissioned officer, in the midst of a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, planted the Colour of Her Majesty's 31st Regt. upon one of the Towers of the enemy's intrenchments—one of the most bold and daring acts of a gallant soldier I ever witnessed, and which, I now deliberately consider, tended much to shorten the struggle alluded to. This Sergeant is a young man of excellent character, and, if I may be permitted to remind His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the promise made me almost in the heat of battle, it is—"This Sergeant shall be recommended for a commission". I can only add (which is unnecessary to the soldier's friend, Sir Hugh Gough) that, if he receives a commission, it will be as gratifying to me as was the gallant conduct I witnessed at the moment the Colour-head was shot off, and the flag perforated with balls, as he triumphantly waved it in the air in the very midst of the enemy . . .

This highly honourable testimony of the bravery of Sergeant M'Cabe at the Battle of Sobraon, was supported by the strong recommendation of General Lord

Gough to his Grace the C.-in-C. Sergeant M'Cabe became an Ensign on 8th May 1846 and transferred to the 32nd some time before April 1849.

8. From Lieut. Edmondstone's letter:—

Havelock's coming in was certainly very dashing but very ill managed. They left their heavy guns in Weston's garden and Lowe had to go out and help to bring them in. Our men formed the rear guard but Napier has given all the credit to Col. Phurnell. Outram has not given us our due in his account of the proceedings subsequent to the 25 September. Every sortie that was made he ordered to be led by a party of our men and never mentions it.

9. Lieut. Edmondstone's letter tells us:—

On the 29th Sept. sorties were made in all directions in each case led by parties of the 32nd. I with 12 men, all the effective ones remaining in my company, was ordered to lead a sortie towards the Iron Bridge; 100 men of the —th and 30 of the —th all under command of Capt. S—, —th. Graydon of the Oude I. Force was sent as a guide. S— as commanding, in my opinion, ought to have been in front alongside me but thought the rear was the best place and there he stuck and there Graydon and I had to go for him whenever he was wanted. Graydon a very fine fellow stuck alongside throughout the morning. We started before daybreak and got within 100 yards of the bridge without being noticed; one of the men said I can see the guns now about 100 yards off. I said, "Men there are your guns take them." They, my men, went down with a cheer, Graydon and I leading them. The enemy let us come within 20 yds when they fired grape into us from both guns and ran for it. A little musketry was opened on

NOTES

us from the houses but did no harm. We spiked the guns and then turned down the lane leading to Hill's Shop and here our misfortunes commenced. A cry commenced amongst the ——th and ——th "We are being taken in the rear". I went back and saw it was false so went to the front and went down the lane when a musketry fire was opened on us and which we returned. I proposed charging down the street which the strange men did not like. My poor fellows were awfully disgusted at this saying to one another, "Did you ever see such a cowardly set?" I said then to Graydon I will go on with our own men. I called 32nd; they gathered round me at once and sprang forward directly I gave the word, the others bringing up the rear. We took 3 more guns which fired grape into us, also 2 mortars. Graydon, Pte Webster and myself were the first at every gun; at the last gun we had one man hit in 4 or 5 places, he was the first that got it. We then took a 24 lb gun and made preparations to burst it occupying the houses round it. Orders had been given to occupy the houses at the entrance of the lane in order to secure our retreat which Graydon and I thought had been done, the subaltern who got the order confessed to having received it but only said, "I did not do it." The gun was burst, the small guns and mortars spiked and we commenced our retreat when a heavy fire was opened upon us from the houses that were ordered to be occupied. We doubled up the street intending to charge the houses and scrag the sepoy; about half way up I got a bullet in the head which floored me and I fell half senseless amongst the ——th men who ran over me never offering to lift me up. I said "lift me up men" and so I again said "lift me up for I think I can walk." No attention was paid, I however contrived to get

my hands on to a doorstep and stagger to my feet and walk forward a little where I got hold of a man of my own who took charge of me. We got on till we caught up the leading lot standing under a wall keeping up a fire into the houses. I then saw Graydon. He was bleeding fearfully, and I thought badly hurt, but found it was only a scratch on his ear. He got a few men together and charged across the road and took possession of the lower parts of the houses, the 2 men who had me between them carrying me over close after him. There we stood for some time; I was begging the —th men to take possession of the upper story, but no, they had no appetite for that sort of work. I had two men wounded and two men were employed looking after each wounded man so I could not send the remaining force by themselves up to the top. Graydon begged the other men to follow him up, but no; their officer then ordered them to go up, but did not offer to lead them so they would not stir. I then left them and made the best of my way home, my wound quite unfitting me for any more work. I met Brigadier Inglis one of the first people and told him plainly that the other Regiments had not backed me up. Graydon wrote an account of the sortie, but poor fellow he was not so good with his pen as with his sword and made a poor job of it never mentioning a single man, although I know he wrote a letter to Inglis recommending Pte Webster of my company for distinguished bravery. Poor Graydon he is dead now and a finer soldier never drew breath but by his not having mentioned my name I do not appear in Inglis' 2nd despatch which is a pity as otherwise I would have had a good chance of my brevet, even now I believe I have a chance. My wound kept me a month in hospital but here I am now all right and

junior Capt of the 32nd Regt or as Sir Colin calls us "the gallant remnant". I hear we are to be sent home. General Penny has offered me his A.D.C.ship but I cannot possibly leave the Regt now owing to the paucity of officers with the Regt and I cannot expect he will keep it open for me. Francis was killed. Macfarlane was wounded and has gone home sick. Love to all & believe me, Your affect. son

John Edmondstone

I have 2 shawls for you late the property of the King of Oudh.

(Lieut. John Edmondstone was mentioned in the Governor-General's despatch.)

Lady Inglis, wife of Colonel Inglis; tells us that:—
 . . . this last affair of spiking the guns was far from being successful; only seven guns were spiked and our loss was most severe. Poor M'Cabe was carried past our door shot through the lungs. . . . Mr Edmondstone, 32nd, slightly wounded. The latter behaved most bravely, having with three of the 32nd rushed forward to spike a gun when a good many of the others fell back; he and two of the men were hit, the remaining one spiking the gun—an act worthy of the V.C. Cuney and Smith of the 32nd were both killed; two braver men never lived; the former had no right to be out, as he was on the sick list, but he could not resist accompanying the party, as his comrade Smith and he had been together all through the siege.

Captain Birch, in his narrative of the siege of Lucknow, wrote:—

As an example of brilliant courage, which to my mind made him one of the heroes of the siege, I must instance Private Cuney, H.M. 32nd. His exploits

were marvellous: he was backed by a sepoy named Kundial, who simply adored him. Single-handed and without any orders, Cuney would go outside our position, and he knew more of the enemy's movements than anyone else. It was impossible to be really angry with him. Over and over again he was put into the Guard Room for disobedience of orders, and as often let out when there was fighting to be done. On one occasion he surprised one of the enemy's batteries, into which he crawled, followed by his faithful sepoy, bayoneting four men and spiking the guns. . . . He was often wounded, and several times left his bed to volunteer for a sortie. . .